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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

SEPTEMBER 1918

Soldiers' Poetry — Major A. Hamilton Gibbs; C. Neville Brand, Sub.-Lt. R.N.V.R.; Major H. F. Constantine; Adam Massey, R.N.R.; Lieut. R. Watson Kerr; Lieut. Lionel R. Abel Smith; Flight-Lt. F. V. Branford

WAR AIMS — A League of Nations — George Aitken
WAR AIMS — The Case against Restoration of Occupied Territory — Staff Officer

The Lady and the Hero — Blamire Young
Soldier-Poets (iv) — T. Sturge Moore
The Conscript Fathers — J. D. Symon
The White Hind — Baron Erland Nordenskiöld
The American Point of View — P. W. Wilson
The Mentality of Marshal Foch — Major Stuart-Stephens
America, the "Centre-board" of Europe — Austin Harrison

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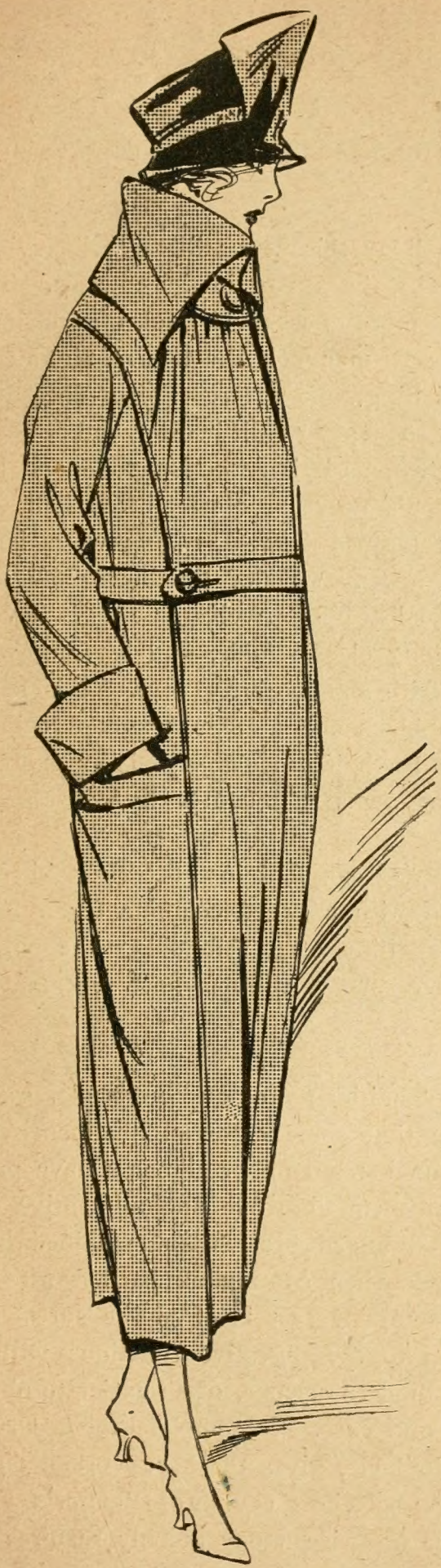

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Advertisement Supplement

Rest Gowns for Holiday Wear

¶ People who are having a holiday this year will be well advised to have a really restful time by the sea or in the country. The more strenuous the work, the more one should slack off and have a complete rest. Not nearly so many clothes are required now for hotel or country-house visiting, and the rest gown does duty for all occasions. It is well to expend a little time and thought on the selection of a rest gown, as it is so comfortable and has such a soothing effect on one's nerves. Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Vere Street and Oxford Street, W., have a large selection of charming rest gowns. One of the newest autumn models is made in a good quality chiffon velvet. This is a very graceful gown, hanging in long classic folds, and trimmed with real skunk; it is also lined with chiffon throughout. This fascinating gown can be had in black and a large range of colours at the special price of six and a half guineas, and is an example of the many other attractive gowns that can be had at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove.

It may be mentioned that one can find just the right kind of little velours hat to be worn with a tweed costume for autumn wear on the moors. The addition of a veil makes the hat, if possible, even more attractive, and it will be most useful afterwards for town wear.

The War that Never Ends

¶ Vital statistics under war conditions are, on the whole, good; a fact which goes to prove that some enforced abstinence has had beneficial results in the main; but minor ailments have probably increased, and amongst them digestive and alimentive disorders, to which anxiety and mixed breadstuffs combined have contributed their quota, and when continuous hard work has reduced our vital forces a complete rest is often the surest and quickest cure. Such a rest to the digestive functions without loss of energy is, thanks to modern science, often easier to obtain than a holiday from work and care. A complete food, largely self-digestive, light and assimilable, gives the hard-worked digestive tract its needed help, and a short course of Benger's Food or a "Benger's" meal once or twice a day quickly restores the

Hour by hour Waterman's Ideal is writing the history of the Great War. Dispatches, Articles, Letters—millions of words must be written each day by the army of Waterman's Ideals at the Front; the memory of thousands of heroic deeds preserved by this pen that never tires. Truly it has been said that, next to his rifle, the soldier's best friend is his

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Especially recommended for Active Service, No. 44 (Safety) **20/-**, and No. 54 (Self-filling), **20/-**. For office use, No. 15 (Regular), **21/-**. Of Stationers and Jewellers everywhere.

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London, W.C. 2

Soldiers and Civilians

Neither in the Roman period, when centurion and senator bathed in the Hot Springs of Aquæ Sulis, nor in the 18th century when soldier and statesman took the waters at "The Bath" has the West Country Spa welcomed more guests to its Baths and Pump Room than in these present days.

Wounded and invalided soldiers have derived wonderful benefit from the treatments, freely given by the Corporation to all ranks sent to Bath by the military authorities. This has in no way interfered with the treatment of civilian patients, and the special baths and douches which help to restore nerves worn or shattered by worry and anxiety are now proving particularly useful.

During the early Autumn Season Bath is particularly enjoyable, and the Cure can be taken with the greatest comfort and benefit.

The Pump Room Concert Season opens this month, many of the leading vocalists and instrumentalists of the day have been engaged and a particularly attractive series of special concerts has been arranged.

Bright, cheerful, restful surroundings and good music help the invalid to regain health and provide for the pleasure and entertainment of those who come to Bath only for rest and change.

To many visitors the architectural beauty and historical associations of Bath appeal very strongly, while others are attracted by the delightful walks and excursions all around.

The new Booklet, "For 2,000 Years," list of Hotels and Apartments, Autumn Programme, and all information from JOHN HATTON, Director of Baths, BATH.

normal tone to the stomach, weary from overwork on not too palatable or digestible diet. For infants and invalids the advantages of "Benger's" have long been recognised, and if those who are in neither of these categories realised the benefit which they might derive from the restful change afforded by this sound and palatable food, there would be far less seediness and malaise amongst the war-weary, and far less money spent on palliative drugs, when rest is Nature's remedy. Benger's Food is a true reinforcement in the war that never ends.

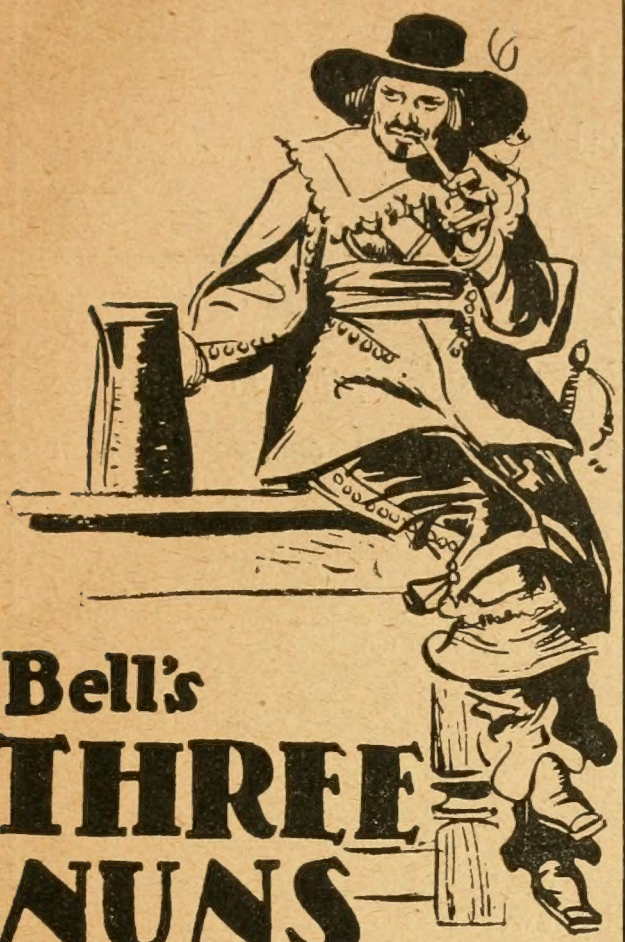
Ideals

¶ We all have some ideals left, in spite of much disillusion by the war. A common expression of the faith that is in us is "the best is good enough for me," or, in its more serious form, "good things pay in the long run." One thing is quite certain, that our tools cannot be too good, for, in spite of the old adage about bad workmen, we know enough to "scrap" the tool which handicaps the user. The goose quill has gone and the steel pen will soon be rust, like the old knight's swords, for the fountain pen with its imperishable nib has grown to our hands and fits into our pockets, as necessary as our latchkey, as personal as our toothbrush. A self-filler, of course, other things being equal, because it makes the tool complete in itself and independent of the feeding bottle, and when the little lever fills our Waterman Self-Filler we realise that the "Ideal" pen has arrived. All the ingenuity and workmanship which has brought the "Waterman" to its Ideal perfection naturally costs money, but the three types made—the Self-Filling, and Safety, and the Regular—cost from 10*s*. upwards, but once bought they are more reliable than our more costly watch and much more useful and necessary.

Fashions for Children

¶ Now that the children are going back to school, everything that they want in the way of an outfit for the autumn will be found at the juvenile salons at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, W. A large selection of all kinds of practical and inexpensive garments are to be seen. They are all very well cut and well made, and can be obtained at moderate prices. There are some small people whose life is still one perpetual holiday; and there is also a large variety of dainty little garments for these small boys and girls. A useful suit for a small boy might be mentioned. This is made in fine serge and has a collar of white *crêpe de Chine*, and is finished off at the neck with a bow of black and white spot silk. It can be had in shades of putty, saxe, and rose, and is an extremely pretty little suit for a boy of from two to four years of age.

A. E. M. B.



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"Three Nuns" is so desirable an acquaintance that an introduction is the highest favour you can bestow upon your friend . . .

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Three Nuns Cigarettes

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5½d for 10—11d for 20
Boxes of 50 2/2½—100 4/3

593

"Carry On"

aptly describes the spirit of the nation to-day. Endurance is the watchword of the Allies.

One of the great factors upon which endurance depends—that subtle strength which we call 'staying power'—is sound bodily health.

The physical means of endurance are supplied to the body by 'BYNOGEN' which provides food for the tissues and nerves in such a form that they build reserves of strength over and above the needs of the most exhausting day's work. Thus endurance becomes not only possible but natural.

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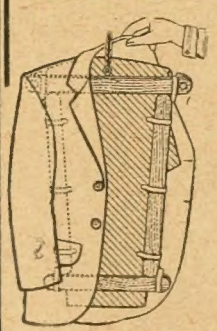

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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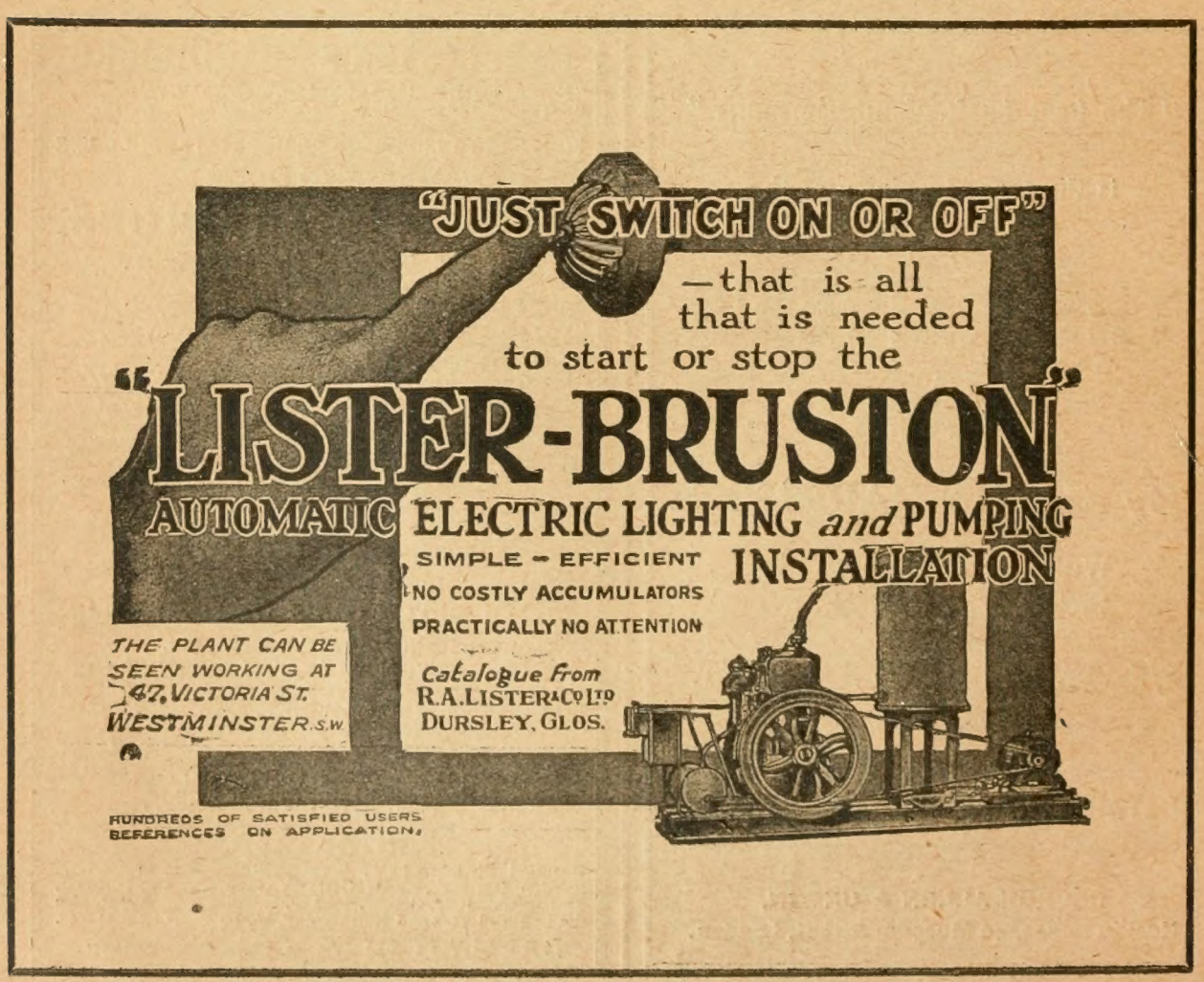
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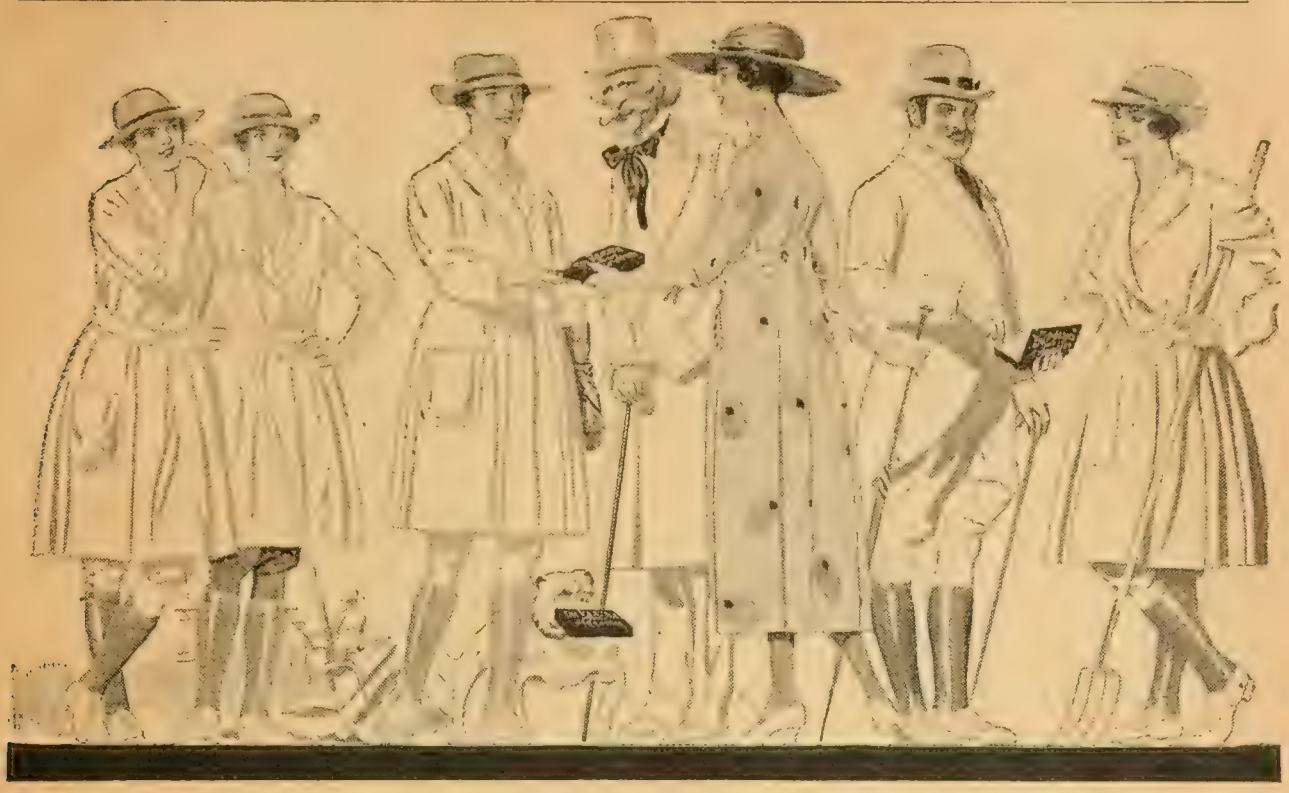

Miss America Advances — *Episode IX.* *She Brings The Land Girls a Harmless Weed.*

"This is a pleasant surprise, Miss America!"
"I couldn't very well leave you out, could I? You are doing men's work, and you deserve man's greatest luxury—not just a Smoke—but Uncle Sam's Best!"

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IT is not easy to find a cigarette of Virginia tobaccos which possesses outstanding merit. There are some hundreds of brands—but only one Virginia cigarette of *Distinction*—the "De Reszke" *American.* Smokers of discrimination—men and women whose names are world-famous—are unanimous in praise of its virtues. The following opinions are a few of those received: many more may be seen in other "Re Reszke" advertisements.

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To a gift that's simply *it.*
How your boys will smile to greet you
When you've got them nicely lit!
Much we owe you, oft we praise you,
Wish you all a thousand joys.
On a pedestal we raise you—
No food problem now annoys:
Does this hint of mine amaze you?
Try "De Reszkes" with the boys!

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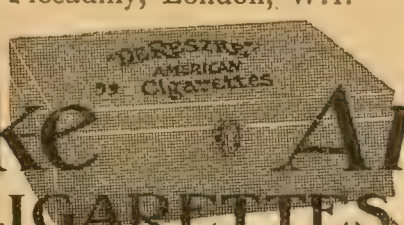

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CURLING was already a popular pastime in Scotland in the 17th Century. In more recent times it has been somewhat eclipsed by Golf; but nothing has eclipsed the popularity of "SMITH'S GLASGOW MIXTURE," that perfect blend of the finest American and Oriental Tobaccos.

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MILD MEDIUM FULL
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The HAIR GROWER

A few drops of Tatcho occasionally and vigorous brushing—and you will be able to say with Mr. Geo. R. Sims—

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Mr. G. R. SIMS.
Photo by [*Lavis, Eastbourne.*

For Infant welfare.

BENGER'S Food
for INFANTS, INVALIDS & the AGED.

248

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are informed that Benger's Food may be obtained of all Chemists, etc.
A doctor's order will secure priority should difficulty be experienced.

When the digestion is enfeebled by illness debility or overwrought nerves, Benger's Food soothes, sustains, and wins back strength.

It is dainty and delicious, and most easily digested.

BENGER'S FOOD Ltd., Manchester.

BERMALINE

Be careful about the children's bread. Be sure to remember that Bermaline Best Brown Bread is all nourishment. Be assured it is made from the cream of wheat supplemented by energizing malted barley. Be on the safe side in regard to the health of the entire family, by providing always BERMALINE. Sold by Bakers at 6d. per 1 lb. loaf. Write to—

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SOTOL keeps the Mouth and Throat clean and sweet, and wards off infection and other troubles which so easily arise when these vulnerable pas-ages are neglected. (The toothbrush cannot reach the throat.) The best results are obtained by dropping One Sotol Antiseptic Effervescent tablet into a tumbler half-full of warm water and thoroughly rinsing the Mouth and Throat (ejecting the gargle afterwards in the usual manner). Local Chemists sell 40 Sotol Tablets for 1/6; 100 for 2/9; or post free

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Samples 3d. stamps post free.

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By

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"Love Shortage"

"And others came."—Shelley's "Andonais."
Love stands indignant.
No arrow will be waste on the eager impotent.
The Gods at last take a hand in the game.
Cupid, heart-stricken, despising his targets, at the command of Venus sheaths his darts and breaks his bow,
Sad-eyed, Venus gazes at the wounded god; the memory of bleeding Youth rises before her and intensifies her disgust.

BEING neither young nor old, and neither saint nor satyr, I incline to the view that I must be amongst the sane. If war has achieved one thing, it has made the articulate few—and the inarticulate many—realise Life, Death and Love.

We live in a world in which the old men in every country presume to govern our wills, our lives, our longings and our belongings.

Their record is before us; youth they have duped, misled, insulted, preyed upon, cheated, used and lied to.

The old men have made no sacrifice, paid no price, except at the cost to their feelings, as they grudgingly disgorge their excess profits. Their quaint boast, which has become a *cliche*—is that they have "given their sons"; lives which were not theirs to give. They have given much—too much, that was not theirs to give—and expect to receive too much in return for their carefully calculated munificence.

There is a world shortage of the sweet and pleasant things of Life, thanks to the elderly profiteers.

But Youth, in its last refuge, hugs one consolation to its breast: the elderly profiteer meets his match, and something more than his match, in the Lists of Love.

For the Lists of Love are the Lists of Youth.

Age may desire, but Youth inevitably possesses. Love is not for the old, the sterile, the impotent.

And if, in their decayed imaginations, senile satyrs misread the enigmatic smiles of the nymphs, seek to profit by the absence of the Well-Beloved Youth; if they are so fond in their conceit as to misunderstand, to believe that the allurements are for them, let them know that they, in their turn, are being duped, misled, trapped, tricked, preyed upon, played upon, lied to, cheated, used—and loathed.

For, come what may, the weapon's in Woman's armoury must not be allowed to rust; they must be kept sharp as her wits, and in the absence of lordlier game she practises scornfully on vermin.

Penelope wearily trifled with the suitors until the return of Ulysses. Not the glory of gems or gold could move her, nor had the sea a pearl so rich as Ulysses.

"Oh, should Ulysses come again, how long,
How long should strangers glut themselves at ease?
Why, he would send a cry along the halls
That with the roaring all the walls would rock,
And the roof bleed, anticipating blood,
With a hurrying of many ghosts to hell
When he leapt amid them, when he flashed, when he cried,
When he flew upon them, when he struck, when he stamped them dead!"

The Saturnalia of the old men is nearing its end. It is well that they should see and know themselves; that the poison of their knowledge should consume them.

* * * * * *

Turning to a more pleasant subject, the following prices for clothes are not really philanthropic. They are modest and virtuous, because the House is building for the future, and not for the profiteering present. Lounge Suits from £7 7s. 0d., Dinner Suits from £10 10s. 0d., Service Jackets from £5 15s. 6d., Riding Breeches from £4 4s. 0d.

14, Old Bond Street, W. 1.

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

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Soldiers' Poetry (iii)

"If This be Life . . ."

By Major A. Hamilton Gibbs

IF this be Life—
To squelch in gum boots through the nauseous ooze
That reeks of death,
While rain incessant soaks into the very soul;
To watch the horses stand dejected, cold,
'Neath shelter that were insult to erect:
To have to strafe the drivers for a rusty spur
Or harness whose eternal cleaning is a tragedy;
To have to strafe for such as this
When rain drips on them as they sleep uneasy,
Huddled lousy 'neath a blanket rough and thin,
In barns and bivvies that at home a tramp would spit upon,
After being chased by N.C.O.s from hour to hour
Through an eighteen-hour day that's worth a bob,
Up to their knees in filth;
To have to shut one's heart against their misery
And chase the N.C.O.s to chase the men
For "King and Country's" sake
Chased oneself by A.F.1 from Staff Headquarters
Who demand one's date of birth and tattoo marks
And whether one is Jew or Christian and, if Jew,
Why one's ration for the morning meal is bacon.
A certain method this of killing Huns;
To have to fight the battle of the Indent Book
And perjure one's immortal soul on every page
Or else get nothing, and a reprimand for getting it,

For being insufficiently a liar and therefore inefficient at the job;
To rise each morning with the certainty of months of this
Unless one meets the shell that stops it all—
If this be Life—then give me Death, O God!

If this be Life—
To have to give one's manhood at a time
When every hour is worth far more than Inca's gold,
To have to leave dream castles in the making
And chuck career and prospects to the winds,
Leaving unfulfilled one's hopes of children
With the woman who'll go lonely through the years,
Throwing overboard one's very Deity
Whose face seems smudged by smoke of all this Progress;
To scan the lists and every day meet names of pals
Destroyed and wasted in this game of fools;
To have to stand beneath the stars
And hear the rumble sempiternal of the Guns that belch release;
And ask Him what it's for, and why, and get no answer;
To eat and wash indifferently, through months and years of it
And try to stop one's brain from questioning
And change it to a lump of mud—
If this be Life, then give me Death, O God!

Before Battle

C. Neville Brand, Sub-Lieut. R.N.V.R.

Shall God, who planned the seasons, let me die?
Then, if it must be so
Let me go willingly,
Feeling no hatred for my foe;
Only content to know
That there awaits me, somewhere far away,
A happy band of friends
Who died before me, who will say
Sweet words of welcome when my anguish ends.

The Glory of War

By Major H. F. Constantine

What does it matter if men are torn, and a village razed to desolation?
'Tis a little thing for men to die, and houses can be built of brick and stone;
The glory of a just war surely spreads its mantle over all.

The battle is ours: our men rest where yesterday lay the enemy;
The village is ours (for torn earth and smoking bricks were once a village).
What is the cost? A thousand men are killed who did not want to die.
What does that matter? Their country needing them they gave their lives,
Happy ones, though ignorant of their happiness, they died to make the battle ours;
And their bodies lie grotesquely on the torn slopes about the village.

A lad was shot, just as we started to move forward;
Perhaps you saw him where he lay, with eyes still open,
With eyes still looking out upon the world, dazed and horror-struck.
There lay a hero—who did not want to die.
My sergeant-major's dead, killed as we entered the village;
You will not find his body tho' you look for it;
A shell burst on him, leaving his legs, strangely enough, untouched.
Happy man, he died for England;
Happy ones are they who die for England.

Did he, did that poor lad, truly die for England's sake?
Did all those thousands who are gone, did they all die for that bright cause?

All England wages war:
The flower of her manhood lies waiting in the cold pale
days of springtime,
Waiting for the harvest that reaps so many souls,
Some are brave and unafraid, some shrink in mortal appre-
hension;
But all are happy, for they know that by their efforts they
are helping
So many of their fellow-countrymen to make their fortunes.

February, 1918.

William of Germany

By Major H. F. Constantine

Times there must be when your soul, alone and friendless
In the whole vast solitude of space, shrinks
At the guilt and horror of your deeds;
Justifications that are meet enough for worldly intercourse
Are insufficient barrier against the tide of black remorse
That threatens to engulf a lonely soul.

In the dark and silent hours of the night, awaiting sleep,
Have you ever seen the horror of all that you have done,
Of all that huge parade of soldiers, dead because of you?
Some died in agony, lingering for hours in pain,
Some cursing, with ever fleeting breath, your name.

How grows the burden on your shoulders? Heavier
Now than you can bear? Then ask your God
To share the burden with you, for he and you together
Have brought these years of misery on the world.

God—if God there be—was blind to let you live
When you were born; for by your living millions of men,
Good, honest men, have suffered death and agony.

Poor miserable wretch, alone with all the horror of your guilt;
Your God may grant you pardon. Man cannot.

February, 1918.

Love

By Adam Massey, R.N.R.

Only a kiss,
A moment's soft caress,
Our lips scarce met
Yet I could guess. . . .

Let us forget—
Your craving lips express
Submission . . . yet
'Twas but a kiss . . .

I drank your kisses in frightened sips,
Sweetness and sting,
For the breath of violets was in your lips,
And You were Spring.

I drank your kisses in hot desire,
My heart's mad tune,
For your soft red mouth was a flame of fire,
And You were June.

The Corpse

By Lieut. R. Watson Kerr.

It lay on the hill
A sack on its face,
Collarless,
Stiff and still,
Its two feet bare
And very white,
Its tunic tossed in sight—
And not a button there—
Small trace
Of clothes upon its back—
Thank God, it had a sack
Upon its face!

Reflexion

By Lieut. Lionel R. Abel Smith

Historians will long grow old and lean
  In writing commentaries on the war,
  Huge tomes of learning and of battle lore,
What was, what well might, and what should have been;
Poets will make fine phrases of Messines,
  Boys whisper tales of Ypres while old folk snore,
  Artists will paint the hell they never saw
And dons explain what wars do verily mean.

But no scribe's wit, no spirit's imagining,
  Can truly feel the things that we have felt,
  Or deal the blows that stoutly we have dealt,
Or weep our tears, or laugh with us, or sing
  Our battle-songs, or kneel as we have knelt
With the high hope that makes each man a king.

Sonnet

By Flight-Lieut. F. V. Branford

What demon hunter blows his wintry horn
Across the untented plains, beyond the bourn
Of being, summons thee to make him mirth
Starwards and thinking in a clod of earth.
To count a few poor battered coins and stir
The sands for bread, and with fond fingers play
With haunted clouds, and then to drift away
For ever, O thou liegeless wanderer.

Surely thou art, O unremaining one
As a persistent moth about a light,
Doomed for a while to range the treacherous zone
Of some great truth, and with frail sensuous might
Assault the burning body of a god
And then—farewell to soul in thinking clod.

WAR AIMS

A League of Nations

By George Aitken

It cannot be necessary in this fourth year of the Great War to adduce reasons why mankind should endeavour to supersede war and militarism. Their condemnation is in the mouth of every statesman of repute; their repudiation is an axiom of democratic aspiration; both are endorsed by the war-weary and blood-sodden condition of Europe. Above all things the war has demonstrated the need for a new political Reformation, and for some far-reaching advance by the nations towards collective and effective control of their supernational policies and interests.

National isolation is no longer possible. Indeed, the war exhibits the most complete measure of international co-operation hitherto seen for any purpose whatsoever. Surely nations which can co-operate on so colossal a scale for the tentative purposes of war will be eager and able to achieve a similar co-operation in the permanent service of constructive peace. However that may be, modern international association is a fact which can be neither denied nor evaded, and humanity is confronted with the alternative of establishing its corporate life in ordered permanency or of succumbing to a universal state of chronic armed competition which, interspersed with periods of devastating war, would rapidly disintegrate civilisation. On the one hand lies progress and life; on the other anarchy and barbarism.

Without predestination on man's part the advances of last century in geographical discovery, applied science, mechanical invention, and commercial intercourse have woven a web of interdependence from which no nation, country, or Government can hope, or should desire, to escape; they have produced a relationship which is indissoluble, even where most disorderly and detestable. Thus internationalism is only a potential good. It marks a larger but not necessarily a more pacific form of human association. Closeness of contact and

complexity of interests produce occasions of war to which ancient and isolated nations were strangers, and even international co-operation may crystallise into combinations for aggressive domination and world-power. The very roads, railways, water-ways, and the service of steam, steel, and electricity which have created this international world may be used to facilitate war as readily as to consolidate peace. In their initial and normal purposes these facilities of intercourse may be truly pacific agencies, but, given an unchecked continuity of the moods and occasions of hostility, they, too, become the strategic assets of a universal militarism, and the instruments of extended and intensified warfare.

The cure for this perversion of progress is not to be found in a return to exclusive nationalism, if that were possible, but in advancement to some more comprehensive order of political association. The evolution of internationalism has been so rapid that, though nations have become inter-linked and interdependent in manifold ways, their political concepts still continue to derive from an exclusive nationalism, or an absorbing imperialism, as the final and highest forms of political evolution. While social, cultural, financial, and commercial interests have been free to cross frontiers and to become cosmopolitan, governmental functions, being based essentially upon nationalist ideals, and continually obsessed by the contingency of war, have not been free to internationalise themselves by such spontaneous processes. Pre-war attempts at international political order and co-operation were intermittent, inefficient, and confused. They were a concession to the modern spirit, but not believed in with much sincerity or enthusiasm by rulers, nor understood and appreciated by peoples. The formulæ, safeguards and sanctions of world-peace were antiquated, unreal and hopelessly inadequate to withstand the shock of European war. Indeed, the cynical sophism—*Si vis pacem, para bellum*—was accepted universally as the all-sufficing philosophy. International law was largely a maze of fictions, traditions and illusions, unprovided with any permanent and progressive organs and institutions. Diplomacy shrouded itself in professional secrecy; divorced from popular interests, securely sheltered from vulgar challenge by "the commonsense of most" it was irresponsible and quite unable "to keep the fretful realms in awe." Nations believed in preparing for war and prepared accordingly in varying degree. They did not realise that international peace demands the service of the highest order of political science,

and a devotion amounting to sacrifice from those who profess to desire it.

The problem now presenting itself to society is, then, How to harmonise and co-ordinate national independence and development with this inevitable interdependence and expanding internationalism; how to establish some real form of associated Government wherein nations may co-operate for the control and direction of their mutual relations and common interests. Until national self-interest be subdued or absorbed, it may be objected, this will be impossible. But, surely, diverse national self-interests may conceivably serve themselves better by ordered co-relation and collective control than by chronic antagonisms and spasms of wasting war. Our proposals for some immediate and formal organisation of control are not, therefore, altruistic or philanthropic in their object; they are the requirement of dire necessity and practical wisdom.

Like all human problems this of international government presents many facets. It may be viewed from the angle and construed in the terms of every varied human interest, each relevant and legitimate, yet each but a part and not the whole of the problem. The subject suffers from this diversity and limitation of view, for the popular comprehension of it is seldom symmetrical and never complete. To some it seems a question exclusively political, to others purely ethical; to some a mere matter of machinery, to others of platonic sentiment or prophetic vision; to some it awaits universal democratic acceptance, to others the appearing of some superman of statecraft. In no sense are these aspects materially opposed; they are complementary one to the other, each an essential element of the complete and balanced purpose. Ancient as is this desire to found international polity on principles more sane and sound than armaments and war its inspirations have been dominantly sentimental and its proposals academic; seldom has it served itself with practical experiment and sustained effort. But neither the detached ardours of idealists nor the technical formulæ of publicists will suffice, nor will the requisite dynamic be found in the heated moods of war. Certainly the pessimist will never build the new world which the nations seek, nor will the mere optimist; nor can the problem be understood, much less solved, in the insular spirit of ordinary patriotism. It must be approached in dispassionate and unromantic temper, calling into use the greatest common measure of mutual toleration and good will

available, and with a determination to do justice to the needs and claims of each nation separately and of all collectively. Any League of Nations destined to become the permanent channel of universal advantage must impartially seek the good of each unit of its membership, and that in a way calculated to assuage mistrust and to induce adhesion.

Prophets and advocates of this organised internationalism, which we name a League of Nations, may be broadly divided into two schools of thought:—

A. Those of the political and publicist type of mind and training who conceive the problem as primarily political, legal, official, and governmental, and whose formulæ and terminology take that form. To this type of mind a League of Nations presents itself as a complexus of political machinery, of juridical formulæ and institutions, of treaties, diplomatic hierarchies, and, perhaps, of combinations of armed power.

B. Those who, thinking more in terms of humanity, ethics, and psychology, look less to constructive enterprise and formal organisation than to democratic affinities and sympathies, to a developing world-conscience and consciousness, to a growing refinement of sentiment, all of which working together would somehow remove the occasions of war and bring to birth a fellowship of nations.

System without soul would be the product of the former acting alone, whereas the latter would foster the spirit of international unity and concord but would neglect the provision of those concrete organs and institutions necessary for its expression. Each will admit the relevancy of the opposite factor; the point is that co-operation and co-ordination between the two is insufficiently cultivated, hence a lamentable leakage of power in advocacy, and delay in achievement of the common end. In isolation each factor looks foolish and is futile, for soul and system are alike necessary to the coming League of Nations. Synthetical treatment of the common ideal, and practical, constructive enterprise are equally and urgently needed. Only thus can we rescue our project from those ruts of feeble Utopianism, metaphysical speculation, or of unbalanced and ineffectual propaganda into which it has too often side-slipped. We have to beware, therefore, of professing to find adequate foundation for our Society of States in isolated phenomena, political, juridical, or sentimental.

It must not be assumed that a League of Nations should be created only or chiefly to settle international disputes when they have ripened into open quarrel. Rather should it be regarded as the formal, political centre of all the normal and wholesome activities, interests, and reciprocities of international society. As such the League would seek, and should be able, to cultivate that robustness of the body politic which would possibly be found the surest means of purging its debilitated constitution of its present bellicose fevers and ferments. Under the ægis of ordered international administration many fears, rivalries, intrigues, and ambitions which meantime fester to the point of open war would be profoundly modified, entirely transmuted, or would have their scope for action drastically limited. The combative and acquisitive instincts might be expected to become subordinated in increasing measure to the instinct for service and co-operation as the imperative condition of external security and of internal progress. Differences between communities would tend to reach settlement at an earlier and simpler stage. Knowing that secrecy, intrigue, and domination would sooner or later challenge scrutiny and intervention by international authority, policies so inspired would be deprived of their opportunity and would seldom mature to danger point. Thus a true League of Nations should exercise much of its beneficent influence in an indirect and preventive way. This preventive function merits emphasis for the solid basis and bulwark of our League will be found chiefly, we are persuaded, in those normal relations and attitudes of nation to nation which happily are co-operative and reciprocative, and which, being possessed of vast vitality and recuperative capacity, may be expected to survive even the Great War.

It is premature to pledge our expectations or to award the insignia of our League of Nations to any one particular and rigid scheme. The underlying idea of the term is the establishment of some vital and formal yet plastic and progressive political association between a majority of sovereign States for the purpose of regulating their mutual relations with a view to the diminution, perchance the elimination, of the occasions of war between them. What the precise scope of its influence and methods of its operations will become, upon what sanctions its authority will mainly rest, and what particular forms its institutions will ultimately take are questions less suited to dogmatism than to reflection and discussion, and especially to those lessons which experiment and expe-

rience are sure to teach. In fashioning " the world that is to be " man has still to work in and through the world that is. If its domes are to reach the clouds then its foundations must the more surely be deeply rooted amid elemental, mundane realities. In a manuscript League of Nations it may be easy to be precise and dogmatic, legal and logical. But actual life eludes rigid formulæ, and a workable League of Nations cannot be fully depicted or its practicability finally demonstrated in a literary manifesto. Our contention is that while some classic and some modern projects for a Concert, League, or Federation of States, howsoever designated, may be practicable enough, they can only be contingently so. The ultimate character and forms of international society will be conditioned not according to the dicta of predetermined legal and political theories but by future developments of social science in many other directions.

Similarly it is impossible to present a ready-made scheme that will " ensure a durable peace," provide " sure guarantee against war," or offer " absolute security for permanent peace." To demand such things is to invite a display of political quackery. No mortal can concoct a theory or formula so automatically adjustable to changing international conditions, so unqualified in its promise of success amid the unknown realities of to-morrow, as to " guarantee " permanent peace. These are phrases which lend themselves to the widest variety of interpretation. They may signify moral or material guarantees, territorial, strategic or economic securities, legal safeguards, governmental devices, or combinations of armed force. Some such securities, treaties, and pledges will doubtless constitute the external and material symbols of pacific agreement. In themselves, however, they provide nothing amounting to " sure guarantees " or " absolute security," for they depend for their own existence upon many factors—subtle bonds, fraternal confidences, uncorrupted sympathies and the free play of affinities between peoples; upon continuity of support, of sincerity, good will, and political sagacity on the part of the human guarantors, and such continuity is not predicable. All that we can honestly offer each other is a reasonable expectation that, given the continued interaction of aspiration and effort in ourselves and in those who follow us, such and such measures are likely, and with accelerated pace, to elevate humanity above its present proclivity to war.

In one fact we find solid encouragement. Society is no in-

flexible and unchanging structure or organism. Its forms and its very nature are subject to constant change and development. At present its condition is molten, and the stream is already flowing into new moulds. Its changes and developments are directed, however, by processes which are mainly subconscious. Man's task is, then, to study those causes and courses of social change with quickened energy so as to obtain mastery over them so that he may direct their flow towards his chosen goal. This requires a clear vision of that goal, an intelligent comprehension of the intervening obstacles, and a shrewd application of his own powers to the task of clearing himself a passage. The tocsin of war has awakened many a sleeping citizen and predisposed him to study anew the factors which must condition reconstruction. But he is impatient of remote Utopias, poetic abstractions, or complex and abstruse technicalities. He wants to see something done now, and whatever is offered him must be positive and concrete, and within the range of immediate initiation. But we must not deceive our awakened citizen or be deceived by him. He is still too prone to demand that this " something" should be done by someone not himself; to view the problem of war and peace as one of simple phrases and objective political factors. Dare we tell him that he himself is both student and problem, both material and architect of the new world of his dreams? Like other social systems and political institutions a League of Nations cannot be other than the product of human ideal and purpose, sustained or restricted solely by man's own motives, conceptions, emotions, and intelligence. The old dilemma presents itself: Is man the creature or the creator of his environment? Is he conscious of his powers to reconstitute his environment, or of the part which environment plays in constituting himself? Thus—and we emphasise the observation—the cumulative and reciprocal improvement both of man and of his environment is an imperative and determining factor in the evolution of any League of Nations which must not be ignored. Surely, and even swiftly and by war, the horizons of human perception are widening. Given even a modest instalment of ordered international life we would expect to see a large liberation and fructification of man's native sympathies and capacities such as a true League of Nations will require for its sustenance. His dormant political sense, benumbed and corrupted by long and fatalistic acquiescence in systems which he but vaguely understood and but feebly controlled, would become more alert and courageous

and able to grapple with those predatory and disintegrative forces which have hitherto preyed upon his national and international life.

The foregoing considerations make it obvious that two main principles must be particularly active in the production of any system of international government, *i.e.*:—

1. That of continuous, correlated, and cumulative progress;

2. That of democratic or popular basis and sanction.

I.—Seeing that the world of international relations cannot be built *de novo*, and that humanity cannot await a universally approved purpose and plan, we must begin to build how and where we can, striving to secure the initiation of this principle of continuous and cumulative development. Failing such initiation, why discuss further the details of abortive schemes? The fact of progress is our immediate desideratum, not its rate; momentum will follow. Happily there is no need to build *de novo*. Existing international customs and activities and inter-governmental conventions and institutions provide ample material upon which our League of Nations may find a very substantial basis. Its initial function would be to combine and co-ordinate within itself all existing international organs and organised activities, of which it would itself become the supreme and visible synthesis. With the resultant assemblage of power it would go on to annex wider ranges of service, responsibility, and authority. To correlate these numerous if rudimentary international institutions and to provide them with real political influence and significance would afford no mean beginning, and would endow the League from its inception with a measure of real vitality. Internationalism has already found its natural expression in numerous associations and unions, world-wide in their co-operations. Many of the periodic world-congresses which had, up to 1914, increased rapidly in number and importance, have provided themselves with permanent executive bureaux, with arbitration tribunals, and with legislative commissions and assemblies, to deal in an organised way with questions of commerce, industry, science, etc. During the decade beginning in 1840 nine world-conferences of a non-official nature were held; during the decade ending with 1914 no less than 1,076 similar conferences were held, and during the whole period, 1840 to 1914, these conferences total 2,651. There are now at least 150 permanent non-governmental international unions, as they are called, of which these periodic congresses form the

legislative assemblies. National Governments also have adopted the habit and have bestowed official recognition, not only upon the necessity of occasional joint action, but upon the possibility of permanent and universal political co-operation, and have frequently combined to promote and to protect many common interests which no State acting in isolation could control. During the sixty-four years 1850-1914 official Governmental congresses numbered 233. Out of these some sixty-five public or inter-Governmental unions of a permanent character have been created, of which over thirty have provided themselves with permanent administrative bureaux and commissions, with their world offices located in Berne, Brussels, The Hague, London, Washington, and elsewhere. The Hague Conventions also with their Courts and Commissions offer the embryo of the requisite world's legislative, judicial, and administrative organs, while the diplomatic and consular services form rudimentary types of the inter-State services which have now become essential to the conduct of the world's business. Surely such accomplished organisation of international society provides no mean foundation stone for our prospective League of Nations. Manifestly the time is overripe for some more frank and formal recognition of all this wealth of international organisation and for some scientific endeavour to co-ordinate, conserve, and extend it by the institution of a permanent International League.

II.—But a League of Nations requires a life force as well as machinery, and we may well ask: Whence shall come its driving power—from Governments or peoples?

The ultimate source of all social vitality resides in the communal instinct and social capacities of humanity, conscious and subconscious. Consequently the life principle which we seek must be found in the political purpose and will of the whole community, conscious, articulate, and energised. This does not mean that all men, everywhere, must fully comprehend and endorse the technical minutiæ implied in this new political formation. They never will; they never do, even within the circumscribed circles of civic and national life. New social formations and political institutions develop, often imperceptibly, out of past inspirations and experiments, aided by the clear purpose and persistent effort of a few kindled souls. Once in operation, however, even on a modest scale, society finds its needs fulfilled, the people appreciate and approve the new order, and progress which knows no retrocession is achieved; so the technical details of international

government may remain the preserve of a select class of statesmen, international lawyers, and publicists, but its general functions and operations should become matter of common concern and public appreciation. Our League must be more than a frigid, political formula, a juridical system, or an inter-Governmental alliance. It must become the public expression of the life of the nations and peoples themselves, instinct with democratic vitality, born of and sustained by the fraternal sense, services and solidarities of the workaday world. Its sanctions must derive less from official pacts and treaties, still less from collective coercive power, than from the public consciousness and cultivation of common kinship and from the organised inter-relations—economic, cultural, moral, and social—of civil society.

Obviously it is far from our thoughts to create a world State, an entity independent of and superior to all national sentiment and popular control, or to establish a merely political federation of States officered by an irresponsible bureaucracy of the traditional diplomatic type. Rather it is our desire to see the establishment of a co-operative, judicial union, founded in and fortified by those semi-political international institutions which already exist and which are sure to multiply.

If this point be duly appreciated then will be found to disappear a problem which obsesses some minds, *i.e.*: How to reconcile international government with national sovereignty? "Justice will be guaranteed," it is affirmed, "only by the establishment of some disinterested and absolute super-State authority which, when it imposes its laws and decisions upon national States, must necessarily upon occasion conflict with national sovereignty since two absolutisms cannot co-exist within one sphere of government." This dilemma is largely theoretic, and arises, as do so many of the dilemmas in connection with our subject, from a too easy use of loose analogies and ill-defined terms. Any international government which we are likely to see in the near future can only be approximately analogous to settled national government. Within the national sphere governmental absolutism may be described as unqualified sovereignty; in external relations, however, no State is or has been absolutely sovereign, for its sovereignty has always been relative and conditioned, that is limited, by some form and degree of association with other States. Neither do we desire to see the establishment of an absolute super-State authority even if "disinterested"—if

such a thing be conceivable. Intra-national government can not rise above its source, and must initially and continuously derive its being, constitution, and authority from the national life of its constituent units. When it ceases to do so both its authority and existence automatically disappear. Consequently nations which engage in voluntary compact to organise, determine, and execute justice and public right between themselves are thereby displaying and exercising national sovereignty, and at the same time recognising and defining its natural limitations. Judgments of international courts would not, therefore, infringe national sovereignty in any new or novel way, they would simply define the conditions of its limitations, as, indeed, they were established to do. Such limitations are not arbitrary restrictions imposed by alien and hostile power but are the legal interpretation by agreed methods of those conditions by which adhering States have elected to conserve their individual sovereignty and to guarantee their collective security.

Hitherto the States of the world have endeavoured to adjust their respective sovereign rights and common relations by diplomatic negotiation, but during last century they have increasingly sought to give them political regularity by the formation of community standards, commonly called international law (but here again let us beware of the pitfalls of words, phrases, and analogies). States have done so in the most intermittent and opportunist way, as driven by necessity and self-interest rather than as led by principle or any far-seeing regard for the permanent and general interests of humanity. Neither have States troubled themselves to provide this loose body of international "law" with any very creditable or permanent organs wherewith it might interpret or amend, or, perchance, extend itself, or with machinery necessary for its application. Hence, as might be expected among nations which were so careful of their preparations for war yet so careless of the means for the preservation of peace, war often supervened. War, with all its insecurities, hazards, and drastic infringements of sovereignty! Is it not evident that the security and relative sovereignty of each State would be less infringed or jeopardised and more truly conserved and enlarged by voluntary and permanent compact within a League of Nations, that is, by the formal recognition and adequate translation of the implied international social contract into the terms and conditions of the twentieth century world in which we live? For the first time small nations would have

access to a court of appeal other than the battlefield—where their fate stands predetermined. The Great Powers would have less opportunity and temptation to aggressive imperialism and to chronic, mutual hostility. In short, a new standard of values and relations would emerge: nations would no longer be reckoned strong or weak, great or small, by simple tests of territory, population or armaments, but by their enterprise in internal development, their capacity for mutual service and their fidelity within the League. The inflamed nationalism of our day, a reaction from the embraces of an all-absorbing imperialism, would sink to its natural proportions and temperature and be able to perceive the wisdom of formally relating itself to that international order which is its own necessary complement and surest security. As a result existing motives for excessive and rival armaments would be very substantially mitigated. Only thus will nationalism find protection and opportunity for intensive development. Indeed, without some measure of international support modern national independence would never have emerged or sustained itself, for the conception and claim of unqualified independence and sovereignty is comparatively modern. For long ages, say between Augustus and Luther, a period of fifteen centuries, that conception and claim had no existence. In some temporal or spiritual sense, often in both, the European society of States was subject to some super-authority. We have no wish to return to the medieval conception of unity and authority, but we must set ourselves to replace it by forms of international unity and government more democratic, scientific, and progressive.

But, it will still be asked, shall a sovereign State within the League retain any right to repudiate its voluntary compact? If not, has it not then put its sovereign rights into pawn? Putting aside the point that many nominally sovereign States are already in that condition and would assuredly enjoy a more liberal independence within a League of Nations, it may be safely predicted that the advantages of membership would—once experienced and accepted—be found by nations great and small to outweigh the questionable advantages of a barren, titular sovereignty. Such, we confess, is the nature of the inherent sanction upon which we rely, and its efficacy, or the efficacy of any other sanction, can only be inferred and not proved in advance. The sentiment of union and of fidelity to that union will strengthen as the strands of association and service multiply, until that sentiment becomes

its sufficient bond and guarantee. To deny this right of withdrawal is, on the other hand, the surest way to inspire its exercise; to concede it the best way to render its exercise unlikely and to promote the consolidation of the League. Furthermore, to enact that under no circumstances shall an adhering State withdraw its adhesion would so alter and destroy the fundamental principle of voluntary compact that no League of Nations, other than a comprehensive but temporary armed alliance, would come into existence. Men must choose between the way of co-operation and the way of coercion, for their aims, methods, and results are entirely different. When nations begin to "impose" or to "resist" by force of arms each other's desires and decisions their League already stands disintegrated, and the old-time condition of warring units or groups has supervened.

Obviously the meaning which men of different nations or of different political schools import into the phrase and conception of "a League of Nations" will depend upon their ideas of the basis and function of all government and upon their experience of political forms and institutions, democratic, oligarchic, bureaucratic, or autocratic. Just as there are diverse conceptions of the national State, so will there be of super-State authority. To some it will stand for power and arbitrary restriction; to others it will stand for a larger liberty and for self-government. *Ex hypothesi* the very idea of a latent or active absolutism or of hegemony is precluded; the democratic and representative principle alone can succeed. Within a common territory peoples of somewhat kindred culture and tradition may be herded together and held in union by the exercise or menaces of armed power—for a time. The Family of Nations—never! Within our League each nation must be politically as well as legally free and equal.

With this question is bound up that of the use of armed, or economic, or other coercive force as the supreme sanction of a League of Nations. If from its inception the ultimate resort to collective armed force or to economic strangulation is incorporated the whole scheme, if not also its most ardent advocates, will be suspect. Peoples and Governments will view with peculiar vigilance, if not apprehension, the appointment, policies, and deliberations of the controlling personnel of a combination invested with powers so unprecedented, and from whose fiat appeal is denied, even the appeal to arms meanwhile valid. Internal intrigue, or suspicion of the same, will rapidly permeate the League and foster those sinister elements

which it is intended to supersede. The claim by a majority of the right to impose by force its will upon a minority, or menaces to that effect, would from the beginning so overshadow the whole scheme as to destroy its capacity for pacific council and for co-operative and constructive action. The creation, combination, and control of its armed forces would become the dominating interest of the League, and its mediatory commissions, its judicial tribunals, and legislative conferences would be left to play a subordinate *rôle* in which they would never acquire strength to contribute to the League those elusive but cohesive elements of which it will stand in special need. If more is thought of how to coerce prospective recalcitrant members, of how to " enforce peace," as the paradox goes, than of how to pave the pathways and to improve and lubricate the machinery of agreement and pacific co-operation then this determination to " enforce peace " will become the disintegrative factor in the project.

It is easy, however, to impale our project upon the horns of theoretic dilemmas by a too exclusive attention to isolated phases and functions of the League-that-is-to-be. Only by a balanced and concerted activity of all its varied powers and functions can it hope to solve problems which, under present conditions, seem formidable and insoluble.

It will be seen that our main fear is that our League of Nations should, amid the inshore shallows of early experiment, overload itself with systems and devices too complex, complete, and logical, too perfect and oppressive, to be workable. Our immediate object, be it noted, is not to create a perfect society of nations, or a complete scheme of international justice; such things cannot be created to order. As Aristotle says: " The true statesman should keep his eyes open not only to the absolutely best polity, but also to the polity which is best under the actual conditions." Our immediate proposal is to initiate such a measure of formal co-operation as shall be found practicable for the present, and flexible enough to be progressive and cumulative in the future, to the end that nations may avoid war.

There is certainly no lack of schemes already before mankind upon which statesmen may model the new international polity. They are characterised by many common features and a striking family likeness. The promulgation of such schemes is an excellent educative agency if it leads to a general study of the whole subject. Principles and details are studied and discussed, it is to be feared, by only a relatively small body

of citizens. They have never been propounded, expounded, or discussed in detail by that moulder of the public mind the newspaper Press, nor by those reputed organs of the public will the Parliaments and Senates of the world. True, many of our leading statesmen have upon occasion blessed the pious phrase "a League of Nations"; in these latter days they even venture to favour it with a few elementary observations. Such platonic patronage does not, however, bring the ideal into life, and never will. Are the present legislatures and legislators of Europe competent to handle this great issue? Are they not too closely thirled to that type of political tradition which has brought Europe to disaster? Mediocre opportunists, barren of idealism, the worshippers of party and privilege, office holders or hunters whose interests and instincts are too exclusively official, it may well be doubted whether such leaders will ever pioneer humanity upon this great adventure. New measures require new men, and we may have to discover the new men as well as to devise the new measures.

One possible preliminary step which should be taken immediately is to convene an official and composite international commission to examine and report upon the various schemes now before the nations. This commission should call to its service those citizens of proved civic sagacity and sincerity such as under present conditions seldom brave the political caucus or attain to public office, yet in whom some latent capacity for this wider range of statecraft is evident but has hitherto been denied scope for its exercise. The nations of Europe and America do not lack citizens in whom such capacities lie unused: men and women of international outlook and sympathies, of judicial temperament and cosmopolitan knowledge, who have more than an elementary understanding of the problems which it would be their task to solve. Among such will certainly be found a sprinkling of the world's ablest publicists, international lawyers, experienced diplomatists; a few of its present staff of international officers, a few versed in the international aims and activities of Labour and Socialism; a few representatives of existing international organisations, etc. These would be called to constitute the main body of our proposed Commission with a view, first, to performing the immediate work of the Commission, second, to creating a body of statesmen fit for this new type of political service.

Would national Parliaments and Governments be likely to convene and invest with representative authority these national delegations? We doubt it, except under pressure of

intelligent and persistent public opinion. Fall we back, then, upon that broken reed? But who shall say with authority what national public opinion is? Those spates of popular emotion, inspired no less than chronicled by sensational journalism, may be the froth and spume, but do not represent the deep flowing tides of national thought and conviction. The peoples of Europe feel keenly, though amid the artificial fogs of war they may not see very clearly in what direction or by what means their will to world peace can immediately and effectively exercise itself. Under the tragic tutelage of war public sentiment is crystallising and may yet attain to purposeful action. Failing the requisite lead from Governments, democracy ought to be able to initiate action in its own behalf. It should be possible, as it would be desirable, to convoke non-official national commissions to expound our project for the general public benefit in order to focus the public will and to secure a mandate to the national Executives of the world. The need for the democratic foundation of which we have written at length is apparent, for, when all else fails, the initial impulse, purpose, and power must spring from the people themselves. This is, indeed, the *pons asinorum* of the problem, though it is usually ignored. The schemes of politicians and publicists begin higher up; they discuss procedure and machinery and leave this question of initiative an unbridged gap. Let the people, then, concentrate their interest, purpose, and will upon an improved constitution of international relations, let them select their ablest men to form local and national commissions of investigation, study, and propaganda. Let the people support the researches and activities of their commissioners with serious attention and material facilities. In due course these national commissions, born of and sustained by the people, should be able to combine and co-operate with the national commissions of other countries and to anticipate in their combined international conferences that necessary official, inter-governmental conference which would ultimately be convened in obedience to the mandate of the peoples of the world. Given the democratic impulse to initiate, even in face of the world's nationalist, diplomatic, and militarist bureaucracies, the examination and preliminary construction of a League of Nations, given thereafter persistent pressure of that same impulse to sustain its growth, then, we are persuaded, questions of machinery and procedure would not be found insuperable.

Statesmen can have little difficulty in finding a starting-

point for their efforts to inaugurate the League of Nations. Both precedent and nucleus may be found in the two Hague Conferences and Conventions of 1899 and 1907; in the numerous arbitration treaties, general and specific, which are still extant; but best of all in the international peace conference which must be convened at the termination of the present war. Advocates of a League of Nations have been assured that the existing widespread alliance of nations engaged in opposing the Central Powers already constitutes an effective and enduring League of Nations. If they are such on the fields of battle they cannot be less so around the conference and council table. Will they take steps to perpetuate and extend their functions as a League? At that conference the Central Powers, and probably many of the neutral States, will be represented. What remains, then, but to give permanency and periodicity to the meetings of that almost universal peace conference, and to select and constitute therefrom a small but permanent deliberative and advisory council? This body would form the nucleus of whatever larger, periodic assemblies might be determined upon. Meantime it would proceed with the much-needed service of supervising the codification and co-ordination of the world's existing international laws and organisations. It would incorporate or reconstitute the Hague machinery for mediation, conciliation, inquiry, and arbitration. It would become the central registration office for the public treaties of the nations (secret treaties would in due course die a natural death), and for existing international unions, private and public; the supervision of other established services would pass under its care. This would suffice to give the League of Nations adequate initiation and secure for it a permanent place in the world's international system.

We purposely pitch our proposals and expectations on a low key, but they have the advantage of immediate practicability and the assurance of progressive and cumulative development. They involve the acceptance of no very complicated or controversial project; they infringe no sovereign right beyond a point already conceded; they leave the line between independence and interdependence purposely undefined. In short, they demand no drastic or dramatic rupture with existing systems. Yet the acceptance of that principle of permanent and progressive political co-operation which they imply would, assuredly, prove to be a watershed in human history and a landmark on the road to world peace.

The Case against Restoration of Occupied Territory

By A Staff Officer

The policy of "no annexations and no indemnities" has been favourably considered by people of all shades of opinion, except the extreme Pan-German party, who, blind to all else save their own lust for loot and power, still dream of imposing their criminal will upon the world. But a careful analysis of this doctrine is necessary before its practical application can be considered.

To accept the phrase "no annexations" in its absolute, literal sense would mean the negation of all that it stands for—the permanent peace of the world. Such an acceptance of the expression would contain the germs of future war and would leave the world more than ever at the mercy of Teutonic savagery.

The basis of the doctrine is the right of peoples to determine their own destinies. This principle applies as much in the case of Alsace-Lorraine as it does to Belgium or to Poland, but the method of its practical adoption differs in the two cases. In the case of the lost provinces of France the paradox has been explained by the use of the word "disannexation."

Coincident with the rights of peoples there is another factor to be considered in the readjustment of territory, and that is the effect of transfer of territory on the future peace of the world. Thus let us suppose that the acquisition of or the restoration of a certain territory would afford a "jumping-off ground" and tempt an ambitious and unscrupulous Power to aggression against her neighbours. Obviously in this instance the transfer of territory would be a danger rather than a prop to an enduring peace.

It is this latter factor which most affects the question of severance or restoration of the German colonies as well as Mesopotamia and Palestine.

Each territory presents a problem of its own and must be dealt with on its own merits. Before proceeding, however,

to deal with the question seriatim it is necessary to emphasise that there are two questions involved, each separate and distinct. The first is the question of restoration as opposed to severance. The second is the question of disposal in the event of our being in a position to insist on severance. Arguments against restoration are not necessarily arguments in favour of annexation either by Great Britain or her Allies.

German East Africa.

Let us begin by considering the arguments which apply to (late) German East Africa. But first of all one fact as regards the East African campaign must be given precedence. The Supreme Military Command in East Africa has been and is held by a South African General. About 90 per cent. of the white troops who have served or are serving are South Africans. India has also contributed largely to this campaign. Moreover, India has a special interest in (late) German East Africa. There is the vexed question of an outlet for her surplus population, and in this connection the disposal of (late) German East Africa must be considered. This question is, therefore, not a purely Imperial one. The voices of the countries who have contributed their manhood must be heard.

To a certain extent Germany had created a naval base at Dar-es-Salaam. But at the outbreak of war her naval preparations were only in embryo. The German Admiralty had not at the time realised the possibilities of the submarine, nor had the part that aircraft were destined to play been envisaged. Doubtless also the German Government believed in British neutrality when they decided to force war on France and Russia. They probably considered the war would be confined to Europe. Their preparations abroad could wait until the time came to challenge the British Empire.

But in the light of actual war experience we can visualise what the conditions would be in the future if Germany's East African littoral is restored to her. From the East African coast German submarines could blockade the Red Sea as well as the Cape route. This, be it understood, with submarines of the present radius of action. But the future holds untold possibilities for submarine craft. It is no exaggeration to say that a base on the East African coast would leave our ocean routes to India, to the Far East, and to Australasia at the mercy of Germany. With aircraft she could threaten our African possessions, Egypt, and the Suez Canal. Such a base

would also enable her commerce destroyers to operate in the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea.

Apart from any suggestion of aggression on the part of Germany, let us consider in the cold light of reason the naval situation created. Up to the outbreak of war our naval forces in East African waters had been limited to the minimum necessary for "police" work, etc. For the last fifteen years the squadron has consisted of a second-class cruiser as flagship and a few third-class cruisers, generally past their fighting age.

With a potentially aggressive naval Power established on our flank we should have to maintain a squadron of up-to-date efficiency and an establishment of those anti-submarine craft, which the war has discovered. We hope for a reduction in the burden of armaments. How would the restoration of East Africa help?

German Ministers and German professors have openly proclaimed that their country aims at the establishment not only of a "Mittel-Europa," but also of a "Mittel-Afrika." The latter brings in its train the creation of a great native army. Let us be under no delusion about this latter and what it means. The Germans in East Africa had made an art of militarism—that is to say, they had given a special status to the native soldier. They had successfully inculcated the creed that as a soldier he is superior to his fellows. Like the Prussian officer, who in the streets of Berlin jostles civilians with impunity, the German native soldier rides roughshod over his non-military brethren. Such treatment appeals to the fighting races of Africa and binds them in loyalty to their military leaders. This has been the secret of native loyalty, even after the German forces had been swept from the territory that once was theirs. By such means an army would be created which would hold the continent from the Mediterranean to the Cape, from Cape Guardafui to the mouth of the Gambia, at its mercy.

If we and our Allies are to maintain our African colonies, if the Union of South Africa is to maintain its independence as a sister State within the Empire, if Egypt is not to become a dependency nominally of Turkey but in reality of Prussia, the scheme of a "Mittel-Afrika" must be frustrated. The restoration of German East Africa would mean to Germany the gift of a nucleus from which she could initiate the practical development of the scheme, which has been so long her ambition and which she has taken no pains to conceal. If the

German flag flies again in East Africa, the passing of the Belgian Congo and Portuguese East Africa to German sway will follow.

A glance at the map will show what would be the situation as regards British East Africa, Uganda, and Nyasaland. Secure in the Middle and the East of the Continent the Hun will stretch his tentacles southward towards Rhodesia and the Union.

I am fully aware that from certain quarters the suggestion will come that the dangers sketched above can be obviated by treaty or convention. Surely! surely! we have not forgotten the lesson of a scrap of paper, a story that is written in blood!

Let us now turn to another aspect of the problem, and this is one which applies throughout Africa.

The indignities to which British prisoners of war in East Africa had been subjected has been exposed in the Press. It is possible that this vile treatment was due merely to instinctive brutality, but it is far more likely that it was initiated with a purpose. This purpose was to degrade the British in the eyes of the natives. The native mind is sensitive to impression. To him the surrender of the spoils of war spells defeat. If we abandon any of the territories we have conquered the impression created in the native mind will be that we have been defeated—*i.e.*, that the German is the superior man. To quote the *Frankfurter Nachrichten* of some months ago :—

"The maintenance of our colonies will be the manifestation to the natives that we have won the war."

Such an impression would redound throughout the length and breadth of the continent. In Africa authority and all that authority stands for lives on prestige. No greater blow could be struck at British prestige than the instillation in the native mind of the idea that we were inferior to another white race.

The disposal of German East Africa is intimately connected with the future development of Central Africa. For the produce of the rich areas which surround Lake Tanganyika the export routes lie *viâ* the Belgian Congo to the West Coast and the Atlantic, *viâ* Nyasaland and Rhodesia and thence to the South African ports, *viâ* the Central Railway to Dar-es-Salaam. The first takes about sixteen days to the West African coast. The second, some eight to ten days. The third, four days.

This latter route will probably be improved in the future. It is obviously the most direct and cheapest and it leads to the

fine harbour of Dar-es-Salaam. In other words, the latter will become the key to Central Africa. Are we going to make a present of it to Germany?

And last, but by no means least, comes the consideration of humanity. Shall we hand back to German control the once teeming population of German East Africa? The hideous tale of German cruelty commenced with Karl Peters, when that pioneer of *Kultur* first established a footing in East Africa. The system as originally instituted has been callously developed. It is unnecessary here to give details of this unsavoury tale. It is dealt with by the Bishop of Zanzibar in his pamphlet "The Black Slaves of Prussia" (an open letter to General Smuts). The following quotations are illustrative:—

"Flogging is the German pleasure. Twenty-five lashes are given as commonly as in London on a big day the police cry 'Move on!' while fifty lashes in two instalments are frequently given. The German sjambok, of rhinoceros or hippopotamus hide, is cut to damage, not merely to hurt." "Torture is another method of dealing with Africans" (see pages 6 and 7). "Slavery is a recognised condition under the German flag" (page 15).

The question of the treatment of the natives is one which refers to every territory in Africa over which the German flag has flown. In order to save space we deal here with this question in its reference to the other colonies. The treatment of the Duala tribe in the Cameroons has been dealt with (among others) in papers presented to the British Parliament in July, 1916, and September, 1917. These together make a story of cruelty and terror which is unsurpassed even in the dread annals of this war. Photographs, which are attached to the report, show the wretched survivors of the massacres hacked almost to pieces with machetes and lacerated with whips of elephant or rhinoceros hide. As regards German South-West Africa the policy of extermination against the ill-fated Hereros and the brutal means used to carry it into effect have been notorious for years.

The West African Colonies.

The following from the *Deutsche Politik* of February, 1917, is a candid statement of German ambitions as regards these colonies:—

"The whole coast of West Africa from the mouth of Cess River to the mouth of the Orange River would be in

German possession. When one only remembers what immense achievements were performed by the *Emden* in the Indian Ocean and the *Karlsruhe* in the Atlantic without any naval base, without any possibility of replenishing in port their supplies of munitions, food, etc., it will be realised what the fortification of half the West Coast of Africa would signify for Germany and for England. As soon as in a new war the Suez Canal is closed against England by the Turks, all traffic between England and India, Australia, and South Africa must go round the Cape of Good Hope. But then all the shipping must pass the coast of German Central Africa. It would be impossible for England any longer to concentrate her whole fleet in the North Sea and to menace Germany. She would be compelled to station a considerable fleet in South Africa for the protection of her trade, and that would mean a not inconsiderable weakening of her forces."

German South-West Africa.

The arguments as regards the above territory cannot be put better than they have been in an interview with the Earl of Selborne, K.G., and published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of March 15th. At the risk of repetition the interview is quoted in extenso:—

"*German South-West Africa.*

"HOLD OR YIELD?

"*From the* Earl of Selborne, K.G., *in an interview.*

"Although several important German colonial possessions in the Pacific as well as in Africa have been captured since the outbreak of war, so far as the policy of retention, as opposed to that of restoration, is concerned, I propose to confine myself to speaking of a country with which I am fairly familiar. During my tenure of office as High Commissioner for South Africa in 1905–1910, I had constantly to study the effect on South Africa of the presence of Germans on or near the frontier; and I have frequently discussed this question, particularly in connection with German South-West Africa, with General Botha and other prominent men in the Union.

"It is, therefore, with surprise, not unmingled with uneasiness, that one hears English voices echoing Germany's arrogant demand that this as well as other enemy territories captured during the war should be restored unconditionally

on the conclusion of peace. What would be said to anyone who had the temerity to propose that East Anglia should be be given to Germany? Yet the effect of German occupation of South-West Africa on the Union of South Africa is quite comparable to what would be the effect on England of a German occupation of East Anglia.

"Both Briton and Boer in South Africa wish only to be left in peace to work out their national development on their own lines. But the pressure of a foreign military State on their flank would make this impossible. Even before the war German influence was a very disturbing factor. It sought deliberately to breed dissension and strife among the whites themselves. But for German intrigue there would have been no rebellion in 1915.

"*Perils to Our Trade Routes.*

"Inimical as it was before, the presence of Germany after the war would be tenfold worse. An active propaganda which aimed at disintegration would not be the only evil to be faced. If, for instance, Germany were to establish a naval station on the West coast, the pressure on South African politics would be immediately felt; and if that station should become a submarine base—as it undoubtedly would—the menace to certain of our trade routes in the event of future hostilities would be extremely serious and give the Admiralty much concern.

"Nor would the danger be confined to the ocean. It should be clearly recognised that any territory Germany is permitted to possess in Africa will assuredly be used, if the Potsdam military party have their way, not primarily for economical development, but as a base for further conquest. From the war in East Africa the enemy has learnt how well natives can fight under white leadership, and it is humanly certain that South-West Africa, were it restored, would be utilised by Germany as a huge drill ground on which to organise a native army. The natives need not necessarily be recruited in the territory itself; they could be brought there and drilled into a professional army under German supervision and control.

"All South Africans are deeply conscious of the grave threat to their peaceful independence involved in this possibility, and Briton and Boer alike would resent as a terrible wrong the re-establishment of this menace on their flank. And their resentment would be all the stronger because it was by

the arms of South Africa alone that South-West Africa was rescued from Germany and placed under the Union Jack.

"*German Rule Execrated.*

"The effect on the natives would be equally bad. Notwithstanding all our shortcomings, throughout the length and breadth of Africa British rule is recognised by the natives as just and sympathetic. On the other hand, German rule in South-West Africa was notoriously the worst. It was execrated. The treatment of the native populations there has been quite horrible and in the conquest of the Germans the natives of South Africa assisted with enthusiasm.

"To restore this territory to Germany would, consequently, have a bewildering effect on the natives; it would be a staggering blow and a cause of deep and widespread unrest. To them it would be incomprehensible save on the supposition that Germany was stronger than England. The whole future of South Africa would seem to them to be uncertain, as, indeed, it would be.

"It is essential to remember that the attitude and tone of the natives towards the governing races have a most important bearing on many South African problems. If anyone desires to understand the difference between British and German in the native mind, let him read the remarkable Blue Book published by the Union Government at the end of 1915 or beginning of 1916, describing the first progress of British officers through Ovambo Land, the name by which the northern parts of German South-West Africa, between Windhoek and the Portuguese territory, is known. The Germans never conquered Ovambo Land, and no German could enter the territory, so hateful was their reputation among the natives. But directly after General Botha occupied Windhoek two British officers entered the territory, were received with open arms, and allowed to travel all over the country, while the native chiefs recognised without hesitation the King's protection and rule. At this moment British officers are in charge of this territory. The restoration of South-West Africa to Germany is unthinkable."

The Cameroons and Togoland.

The strategic value of these two territories consists mainly in the two ports of Duala and Lome. Based on one or other of these ports—probably the former—German surface and

submarine craft would threaten our Cape and South Atlantic routes. The possession of these colonies would also enable Germany to complete her wireless chain round the coast of Africa and enable the German Admiralty to direct operations in the Atlantic.

The Turkish Territories.

Mesopotamia.

The doctrine of the right of peoples to determine their own destinies applies to Mesopotamia with all the force of ethnological and historical argument. The inhabitants are Arabs and not Turks. They belong to a race who for centuries have groaned under the Ottoman yoke.

Under the King of the Hejaz an independent kingdom of Arabia has been created. The Arabs are fighting in the Allied cause, and the Allies have pledged themselves to the cause of Arab liberation.

There could be no more fatal blow to the realisation of Arab national aspirations than the restoration of Mesopotamia, because this would bring in its trail a tale of hopes that have been falsified and of pledges that have been broken. But, apart from the Arab question, it would bring the *Drang nach Osten* inside the realm of practical politics. Turkey is a vassal and will probably remain a vassal of Germany. Hence the Constantinople-Baghdad railway would bring German control to Teheran and German influence and German intrigue to the frontiers of India. The barrier against German designs in the East must be set up at Basra and at Baghdad.

The trade through the Persian Gulf has been developed and worked by Anglo-Indian industry. With Mesopotamia once more Turkish it would pass to German control.

Palestine.

The question of Palestine should be considered under two headings :—

(*a*) Strategical.

(*b*) Sentimental.

As regards (*a*) it is only necessary to mention that the possession of Palestine by a potentially hostile Power will always be a threat to one of the main trade avenues of the Empire—the Suez Canal. Palestine also affords a "jumping-off" ground for the invasion of Egypt and the control of the Sinai Peninsula. That the Canal was not lost to us during the present war was due more to lack of foresight on

the part of the enemy than to timely defensive preparation on our part. But we cannot in the future trust to chance, and we do not wish to increase the cost of our naval and military defences of Egypt and the Canal.

As regards (*b*), since the days of the Crusaders the recovery of the Holy Places has been a theme revered throughout Christendom. The hope prevails that the army led by General Allenby may be the last Crusaders.

There is, further, the Zionist movement to be considered, and the world is prepared to consider the aspirations of the Jewish people.

Arabia.

As stated when considering the question of Mesopotamia, we encouraged the Arab movement. We have assisted the King of the Hejaz and have recognised his sovereignty.

To break faith with the Arabs would be a blacker crime than the Bolshevik betrayal of the Slav cause.

Kiau-Chau.

The German stronghold in the Far East was captured by our allies the Japanese. Strategically, commercially, and sentimentally our Japanese allies are the people most concerned, and in this matter we have neither the right nor the power to dictate to them.

The Pacific Islands.

As regards the islands conquered by Japan, we have in effect pledged ourselves to acquiesce in our ally's claim to permanent annexation. The other islands were—on the invitation of the Home Government—conquered by Australian and New Zealand forces. These two Governments have, therefore, the right to their own spoils of war. Our consent to their acquisition would be but a small return for the sacrifices these two Dominions have made in the common cause. Their restoration to Germany would be deeply resented by our kinsmen, who, with our ally Japan, have swept the German flag from the Pacific.

We have also to consider the interests of our allies, the U.S.A. and Japan, neither of whom desires the reappearance in the Pacific of the flag that has ever been the symbol of intrigue.

Objections to Annexations.

One objection to any form of retention by us of conquered territory is that such a course would be contrary to our declared war aims. We entered the war to defend small nations against Prussian militarism. Our statesmen have expressly denied that our aims are imperialistic.

Another and perhaps weightier argument is that annexation in any form would be against the principle for which our great ally of the West is fighting.

The answer is that there is an essential difference between annexation *per se* for purely imperialistic reasons—*i.e.*, for the policy of " grab," and the retention of territory as a safeguard to peace.

In connection with the conquered territories the suggestion of internationalism has been made.

International control has ever been a failure because it contains within itself an inherent defect. Instead of displacing it superimposes upon existing sovereignties. Let us take the example of a self-governing colony in which the Cabinet is responsible through Parliament to the people, or of a Crown Colony in which the Ministers are responsible primarily to the Colonial Office. In both cases executive action must follow deliberation, otherwise the Ministry is discredited. But in an international Cabinet the Ministers are responsible to their own respective Governments and have to consider the conflicting interests and ambitions of the Powers who appointed them. In other words, they are responsible to the many but controlled by none. The natural consequence is that the mechanism of government works stiffly. Internationalisation in the light of past experience has proved a failure. It was a failure in Crete at the end of the last century. The dual control of Egypt was a failure, and so was the Anglo-French control of the New Hebrides.

As regards the African Colonies another suggestion has been made, and this is to create an independent State, or States, under the Control of a League of Nations. But this would only mean internationalisation in another form. Presumably Germany would be one of the League—and German co-operation means a field for German intrigue.

A suggestion for the solution of the disposal of Palestine is the creation of an independent Jewish State. This is a solution which has every promise of success provided the Jewish people themselves desire it.

Such are the arguments against the restoration to Germany or to Turkey of the territories they have lost during the war. I am fully aware there are those among whom arguments against restoration will not find favour. There are those who with an obstinate logic peculiar to themselves condemn in principle any alteration to the frontiers of Germany's pre-war possessions. There are those who believe that the Hun will metamorphose himself from the savage of to-day to the "good boy" of to-morrow. They have ruled that the leopard shall change his spots. They would trust the defence of our ocean routes to India, to the Far East, to the great Australian Commonwealth to a scrap of paper. With such people discussion is useless. Ears become deaf to argument when reason is subordinated to the canker of bias and of prejudice. If such people work their will, generations yet to be will live to curse a scrap of paper, to curse their forefathers who betrayed them.

The Lady and the Hero

By Blamire Young

I DON'T say she had, you understand, but *if* she had said to Entwistle earlier in the afternoon—in the train, for instance, or even before they left the hospital—something to this effect, she may possibly have wondered at herself for doing so. If she had said to him, in a pardonable endeavour to bridge the gulf that separated them socially, something of this nature there were passages in their conversation that may have brought her regrets, although she did not look like a woman who made a practice of regretting things. It would have come naturally to her to have said, in the first stages of her effort to establish a thin semblance of comradeship between them, that she desired to learn something of the life that he had lived, to look at things from his point of view, to know something of the home life of the man who was to turn out to be the hero he eventually was. If she had permitted herself to say this, then she received in response a measure of detail pressed down, shaken together, and running over.

. . . . . .

She was careful when ordering the tea to place the little round table exactly between them, and by sitting well back from it and fixing her eye on a distant white seat at the other side of the park she was better able to support her composure when Entwistle, leaning his vast bulk across the white cloth, pointed his knife straight at the bridge of her nose to emphasise his points. I make no apology for listening to the conversation, for it would have been just as audible if I had been fifty yards away, instead of at the next table. I don't think there was anyone who was in the neighbourhood who did not follow the conversation with interest, and it was quite clearly in consequence of the universal interest it aroused that the lady was at so much pains to emphasise the nature of the relation between the pair, the relation, that is, of well-intentioned, though superior sympathiser with a wounded hero of low degree. One felt that she was finding herself in a more difficult position than she expected, rendered so by Entwistle's uncompromising naturalness, to which she

would no doubt refer as his *naïveté*, using the French word to smooth the awkward fact that the hero had spent twenty-five years in a complex world without realising a single one of its complexities.

His great voice boomed across the park, reinforced by the verandah under which we sat, and the theme of his discourse threaded its way through an infinity of detail startling in its homeliness, and rendered more pungent by the strong Lancashire accent in which it was delivered. To me, who knew his history, the voice, with its bell-like notes, brought the scene vividly back that had made its owner so famous, and I seemed to hear him again rallying his platoon in the face of the machine-guns' rattle.

From this volume of sound there issued a procession of unedited facts concerning trench life—his varied duties as platoon sergeant, and of the natural primal needs of strong men who wage war. He exercised no choice at all in the things he related and displayed no apparent discernment that the lady might regard some of them as less welcome than others. As I said before, if she had asked him for a stark picture of his life's activities, no more piercing summary could have been offered.

She looked a strong type of woman whose philosophy of life allowed of no situations being actually impossible. Her pose seemed to imply that if people are honest every situation is manageable. Nevertheless, due partly to the undisguised attention that was paid to it by a crowded tea-house, and to her companion's uncontrolled utterances, she gave subtle indication that, though she might succeed to the end in preserving appearances, the situation was in point of fact out of hand. She carried her head bravely and continued to supply her share of the conversation, but there was a real trouble in her eye.

She confined herself in the main to comments as completely detached and non-committal as she could devise. It was only once—when the question of strong drink was introduced—that she permitted herself to desert this policy of detachment. One felt that a lifelong habit of "doing good" had asserted itself at last in spite of herself. He was telling her of an unexpected opportunity that occurred on one occasion for a bacchanalian orgy that included the whole platoon. The opportunity presented itself and was quite naturally seized. His admission was so entirely frank and unconscious that it would have disarmed ninety-nine listeners out of a

hundred, but he had stumbled upon the exception all unwittingly. Her eyes left the distant seat for a moment and she inquired in level tones :—

"Was drink as important a matter in your previous life as it seems to have been in the Army?"

If she had handed him a tract bearing the title "Gin or Jesus?"—if she had snatched his rum ration from his lips—she could not more emphatically have expressed her disapproval of his attitude than she managed to convey in this question. But Entwistle was utterly unconscious that a stricture had been passed upon him. The question to him meant nothing more than a further token of interest in his life-story. He answered it readily—joyously and unabashed.

"Important?" he said; "Aye, my, and it was an' all. Why, fust thing i'd morning we'd say, 'Is public 'ouse open yet?'"

Soldier-Poets (iv)

Alan Seeger

By T. Sturge Moore,

"Love, Arms and Song," and a noble frankness that asserts: "My kingdom is of this world," characterise America's leading soldier-poet, who fell in action on July 4th, 1916.

Alan Seeger was born in New York in 1888 of old New England parentage. For ten years Staten Island, in the mouth of the harbour, was his home. Later the family settled at Mexico City, in the tropics, but 7,400 feet above the sea. He entered Harvard in 1906 and came to Paris 1912, and when the war broke out was among the first half-hundred of his countrymen to enlist in the Foreign Legion of France, and soon writes from the front:

"I have always thirsted for this kind of thing, to be present where the pulsations are liveliest. Every minute here is worth weeks of ordinary experience. . . . This will spoil one for any other kind of life. . . . Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something even more wonderful than life. . . . It cannot possibly mean anything worse to a good soldier. . . . Success in life means doing that thing than which nothing else conceivable seems more noble or satisfying or remunerative, and this enviable state I can truly say I enjoy, for had I the choice, I would be nowhere else in the world than where I am."*

From him, as from Grenfell, this sentiment comes inevitably, and he was no soldier by profession, but, in so far as he had chosen any, a poet. At first sight they seem twin natures in ardour, in frankness, in courage, in devotion, only gradually can the spirit become reconciled to admitting an immense difference.

The temptation is to apply here the common English prejudice as to where the American fails. But this would be uncritical, for exceptional natures least conform to national foibles. Seeger contrasts with Grenfell as Byron with Shelley

* *Poems.* By Alan Seeger. Introduction by W. Archer. (Constable and Co.) (Quotations by permission of C. L. Seeger, Esq., and Messrs. Constable.)

rather than as Yankee with Britisher. Only by crushing the grapes of his thought against a fine palate shall we be able to distinguish their flavour from very highly-prized fruit. After a few pages, his clarity, like that of Swinburne, confuses the reader, for if his virtue is not to hesitate, his fault is to let the thread sag in the hurry and volume of eloquence; and this great fluency and facility accompany a lack of delicate choicefulness. In vain you search for such precision in joy as inspired Ledwige's happiest images, or for details that amount to revelations as did Thomas's best. All kinds of beauty are welcomed but too indiscriminately. "You will say they are Persian attire; but let them be changed" is the instinctive comment of many resolute minds on encountering to-day that flaunting habit which ranges women and wine in a single category. Rakish nakedness offends their studied composure, and others may be surprised to find neither fatigue, hopelessness, nor cynicism in the voice that proclaims :—

> And in old times I should have prayed to her
> Whose haunt the groves of windy Cyprus were,
> To prosper me and crown with good success
> My will to make of you the rose-crowned bowl
> From whose inebriating brim my soul
> Shall drink its last of earthly happiness.

This is one from a series of sonnets written during leave from the front, another with the same object pursues :

> Enchanting girl, my faith is not a thing
> By futile prayers and vapid psalm-singing
> To vent in crowded nave and public pew.
> My creed is simple: that the world is fair,
> And beauty the best thing to worship there,
> And I confess it by adoring you.

And this world is defied as gallantly as the other :

> Let not propriety nor prejudice,
> Nor the precepts of jealous age deny
> What sense so incontestably affirms;
> Cling to the blessed moment and drink deep
> Of the sweet cup it tends, as there alone
> Were that which makes life worth the pain to live.

Nay, not even death, and what dreams may follow, can give him pause :

> Exiled afar from youth and happy love,
> If Death should ravish my fond spirit hence,
> I have no doubt but, like a homing dove,
> It would return to its dear residence,
> And through a thousand stars find out the road
> Back into earthly flesh that was its loved abode.

Neither heaven nor the possibilities of time and space can offer anything better, a return to known delights is all that can be desired. The old have not infrequently gazed back with something of this feeling and the illusions of perspective may excuse them, but that a young man should be so certain that he has seen the bottom of the cup of happiness, and that it could never be refilled with rarer liquors suggests a near-sighted imagination. So masterful a conviction that no finer means than those you were born with could achieve more exquisite ends sets the mind pondering; and a plausible philosophy might maintain that youth's vivid apprehension of the worth of actual objects, persons, and events was the source of all significance, the criterium by which everything else is really judged. Wordsworth could almost have subscribed to this belief: he expressed a very similar intuition though with a less truculent directness. In fact, I think this comparison brings home to us a failure in the mood of Alan Seeger's ecstasy. We have all met these gifted young men who seem to tread above the heads of the crowd, perhaps most of us can recall something of how it feels inside them. The most coy have known the itch to swagger, the most staid have longed to shout from the house-top, and modesty itself has desired to stand forth naked and unashamed, so that a deep and wide-spread welcome greets these manifestations even among those who dare not avow their approval and whose lives would contradict them if they did. Wordsworth himself confessed that he had not written love poems because if he had done so they would have been too warm for publication.

> All true speech and large avowal
> Which the jealous soul concedes;
> All man's heart that brooks bestowal,
> All frank faith, which passion breeds,

are of the very essence of poetry and will be cherished by every loyal nature. Propriety is forbidden to intervene when soul communes with soul, her sphere is downstairs in the world of half relations and approximate intercourse. But in proportion as you claim to go naked, you must keep near to the heart of things, and make the very truth your inseparable companion. Anything off-hand, anything insensitive, or not quite alive offends these communicants, like the touch of a corpse. Humbleness as of a child should be born from this intensity: any thought of the myriad eyes that overpeer a stage is then impossible, the world fades out of mind when the spirit dances naked in the light to which joy entrusts it—tender joy for

whom the damage of the pale-green, ruby-eyed, lace-winged fly is a calamity to avert with tears and supplications! Everything that lives is holy. If Seeger lives in his poetry, everything else passes like a ghost, like a reference only conjured up to serve his imperious desire to cast a spell upon us all. If only something unmistakably itself would arrest this fervid eloquence that deals in clouds and stars and all the commonplaces of poetry with such profusion, if the young women addressed were seen for a moment in some adjective that obviously belongs to one girl only! No, Alan Seeger is alone felt, with this delightful freshness, a presence, an inspiration!

> Sidney, in whom the heyday of romance
> Came to its precious and most perfect flower,
> Whether you tourneyed with victorious lance
> Or brought sweet roundelays to Stella's bower,
> I give myself some credit for the way
> I have kept clean of what enslaves and lowers,
> Shunned the ideals of our present day
> And studied those that were esteemed in yours,
> For turning from the mob that buys Success
> By sacrificing all Life's better part,
> Down the free roads of human happiness
> I frolicked, poor of purse but light of heart,
> And lived in strict devotion all along
> To my three idols—Love and Arms and Song.

"I could accuse myself of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. . . . . We are arrant knaves all," in speaking thus was Hamlet so certainly mad as this sonnet implies? The worry and stress that "honesty of purpose and intellectual honesty" cost Grenfell are rememberd with regret.

> I cannot rest
> While aught of beauty in any path untrod
> Swells into bloom and spreads sweet charms abroad
> Unworshipped of my love. I cannot see,
> In Life's profusion and passionate brevity,
> How hearts enamoured of life can strain too much
> In one long tension to hear, to see, to touch!

He is too eager, too arrogant, to await the visit of those wonders which steel unsought into consciousness. A "wise passiveness" was no mood of his. His ambition emulates Byron's, who hated to think himself a mere poet, and itched for acted glory: thus Seeger, gazing beyond the war's end, cries:

> And the great cities of the world shall yet
> Be golden frames for me, in which to set
> New masterpieces of more rare romance.

He fears no repetition of that defeat which yet enchanted the world with its misanthropy and cynicism, but strains after a

vision fellow to the one that led the pilgrim-lord from Harrow to Missolonghi. If in spite of failure this temperament achieved so much, what might it not succeed in? So active, so independent, so daring a nature has as many opportunities of acquiring wisdom as it has of refusing to bow its head under ruin. Though a soul consciously poses while loving, though when heroic it must be setting an example to half the world, this effrontery, largely inexperience, may betoken the very vigour that can grapple with the monster fact on man's behalf. Already he can philosophise his preoccupation with sexual passion.

> O Love, whereof my boyhood was the dream,
> My youth the beautiful novitiate,
> Life was so slight a thing and thou so great,
> How could I make thee less than all supreme
> In thy sweet transports not alone I thought
> Mingled the twain that panted breast to breast;
> The sun and stars throbbed with them; they were caught
> Into the pulse of Nature. . . .
>
> Doubt not as of a perfect sacrifice
> That soul partakes whose inspiration fills
> The springtime and the depth of summer skies,
> The rainbow and the clouds behind the hills,
> That excellence in earth and air and sea
> That makes things as they are the real divinity.

Yes, his brain keeps pace with his eloquence: but his soul? Hasty and crude and licensed to scorn the maimed and mauled by youth's ignorance of irreparable damage, he does not hesitate, on returning to the trenches, to offer his gallant comrades these ungenerous lines which were possibly not really aimed at the invalids he had met at Biarritz, but at those whom he could never forget, his equals in youth and strength, who then still lingered in the States.

> Apart sweet women (for whom heaven be blest)
> Comrades, you cannot think how thin and blue
> Look the left-overs of mankind that rest,
> Now that the cream has been skimmed off in you.
> . . . . . we turn disdainful backs
> On that poor world we scorn, yet die to shield
> That world of cowards, hypocrites, and fools.

He has given himself for the freedom of all future souls, what right have we to question whether he gave his own conscience due reverence? Could we have divined "King Lear" from reading "Venus and Adonis"? That ready aptness of phrase which in my citations has delighted the reader is constantly achieved in his later poems; if only by four or six lines

at a time. And though the inspired peaks rise tier behind tier above this plateau, you find few flowers more brilliant without climbing higher. Yet that failure in delicate choicefulness insistently prophesies woe, and was not so striking in Swinburne or more so in Byron at his years. "The Deserted Garden," his longest poem, yielded as abundant opportunities as "Venus and Adonis" could, but no line like

A lily prisoned in a gale of snow

takes the advantage. In spite of formlessness, how delightful the Keats of "Endymion" would have made this old Mexican garden, where the young Seeger dreams the meetings of bygone lovers? He, however, only maintains his obvious efficiency and we are never "surprised with joy," in the end we are only surprised that he can keep it up as we often have been, when Swinburne was not first rate. Did the magnolia-bud of this large soul lodge a canker? Yet, though we can only surmise what his full-blown splendour might have been, he was ever so slightly opening; his latest sonnets are not only the most manifold but deeper and almost fragrant.

Seeing you have not come with me, nor spent
This day's suggestive beauty as we ought,
I have gone forth alone and been content
To make you mistress only of my thought.

I am the field of undulating grass,
And you the gentle perfume of the Spring,
And all my lyric being when you pass
Is bowed and filled with sudden murmuring.

For I have ever gone untied and free,
The stars and my high thoughts for company;
Wet with the salt spray and the mountain showers,
I have had sense of space and amplitude,
And love in many places, silver-shoed,
Has come and scattered all my path with flowers.

Four lines from two sonnets, six from a third and you build up a new one richer and stronger than any of the three. For all these flashes are like the flap of a flame in a swirl of smoke, some pleasure in his own attitude, some self-assertion causes the momentary brilliance, among the ever-flowing grey-ghosts of scheduled ornament which make the bulk of a rhetorical style. But he has gentle, more promising moods.

There have been times when I could storm and plead,
But you shall never hear me supplicate.
These long months that have magnified my need
Have made my asking less importunate;

For now small favours seem to me so great
That not the courteous lovers of old time
Were more content to rule themselves and wait,
Easing desire with discourse and sweet rhyme.

He even stands staring at the different tempers created in him by self-seeking and self-devotion.

Oh, love of woman, you are known to be
A passion sent to plague the hearts of men;
For every one you bring felicity,
Bringing rebuffs and wretchedness to ten.
I have been oft where human life sold cheap,
And seen men's brains spilled out about their ears
And yet that never cost me any sleep;
I lived untroubled and I shed no tears.
Fools prate how war is an atrocious thing;
I always knew that nothing it implied
Equalled the agony and the suffering
Of him who loves and loves unsatisfied.
War is a refuge to a heart like this;
Love only tells it what true torture is.

Playing his part with the best at the front, he was by no means merely acting a "Message to America" in order to bring her into line. He really loved France and understood something of what she stands for in civilisation. He is compact with generosity which is none the less real for being self-appreciated.

O friends, in your fortunate present ease
(Yet faced by the self-same facts as these),
If you would see how a race can soar
That has no love, but no fear of war,
How each can turn from his private rôle
That all may act as a perfect whole;
How men can live up to the place they claim,
And a nation, jealous of its good name,
Be true to its proud inheritance,
Oh, look over here and learn from France!

And he, too, seeks to think well of Death, and, having most fancied himself as a lover, thinks himself half in love with glorious Death.

I know not if in risking my best days
I shall leave utterly behind me here
This dream that lightened me through lonesome ways
And that no disappointment made less dear;
Sometimes I think that, where the hilltops rear
Their white entrenchments back of tangled wire,
Behind the mist Death only can make clear,
There, like Brünnhilde ringed with flaming fire,
Lies what shall ease my heart's immense desire:
There, where beyond the horror and the pain
Only the brave shall pass, only the strong attain.

But from a greater depth comes the simple fatalism which informs his finest sayings about life and love.

MAKTOOB.

A shell surprised our post one day
And killed a comrade at my side,
My heart was sick to see the way
He suffered as he died.

I dug about the place he fell,
And found, no bigger than my thumb,
A fragment of the splintered shell
In warm aluminum.

I melted it and made a mould
And poured it in the opening,
And worked it, when the cast was cold,
Into a shapely ring.

And when my ring was smooth and bright,
Holding it on a rounded stick,
For seal, I bade a Turco write
Maktoob in Arabic.

Maktoob! "'Tis written!" So they think
These children of the desert, who
From its immense expanses drink
Some of its grandeur too.

And after some less convincing circumstances of entry to a Valhalla he ends by telling how these graven characters calm him:

When not to hear some try to talk,
And some to clean their guns and sing,
And some dig deeper in the chalk—
I look upon my ring:

And nerves relax that were most tense,
And Death comes whistling down unheard,
As I consider all the sense
Held in that mystic word.

And it brings, quieting like balm
My heart whose flutterings have ceased,
The resignation and the calm
And wisdom of the East.

Ample quotation seemed needed to illumine this soldier's fine attitude: partly because his style takes no end of room, even though it demanded more time than love and arms could spare to grow as rare as it was large, yet, still some whisper persists that, granted a more prolonged lease of pleasure-hunting, we might have had to deplore luxuriance tangled to perversity, no longer merely grown too fast for strength. To what extent war was a tonic to his extravagance remains un-

certain, even after repeated readings of his later poems. Every young man has perforce many possible careers—unwritten books whose titles and contents we may dream of, though hands will never part their leaves, nor eyes peruse. Still, there is some faint compensation for this in esteeming them at their highest possible value, though it but increase our sense of loss; for worth conceived is prophetic of that yet to be revealed by the ever-teeming future.

Look at him crowning himself, prematurely as Shakespeare's hero-prince did, yet, like him, conscious of deserving the "rigol" by innate capacity and determination. Both hands raise the empty hoop, then pause, for through it stars watch him, brilliant and remote. In black bronze he stands for ever returning their gaze, no work of Phidias, rather by some Scopas or Praxiteles, whose more indulgent rhythm induces a musical ripple throughout the war-hardened muscles of his twenty-eight years.

The Conscript Fathers: A Forecast

By J. D. Symon

SCENE.—*Barrack-room of the 51st Methusaliers.*
TIME.—*Six months hence.*

PRIVATE BULLEN (*formerly of the Stock Exchange*).
PRIVATE BOYLE (*formerly Professor of Natural Philosophy*).
PRIVATE SEAKALE (*formerly a Greengrocer*).
PRIVATE POTTS (*formerly a Chimney Sweep*).
PRIVATE LEADER (*formerly a Man-of-Letters*).
COMPANY COMMANDER.
SERGEANT-MAJOR.

PRIVATE BULLEN. I say, Seakale, old chap, lend me your button-stick. I've mislaid mine.

PTE. SEAKALE. Orl right, guvnor, 'ere you are; mind you give it back.

BULLEN. I shan't be a minute; my buttons aren't extra bad to-day. A touch will bring them up. Heard from the wife?

SEAKALE. Yus. 'Ad a line yesterday. She's doin' all right. Shop's goin' strong.

BULLEN. Not missing you, eh?

SEAKALE. She 'ints as much. Excep' for the goin' to Covent Garden in the mornings, I'm not much missed. An' the separation allowance is always an extry. How's your family?

BULLEN. Ai. Things are tightish, of course. I'm not so lucky as you. My shop practically shut down when I was called up, but there was a bit to go on with. I only regret having to sacrifice some of my War Loan. We've let the house at Thames Ditton; wife and the youngest girls are in rooms. We'll wriggle through, somehow, unless it's a ten years' war.

POTTS. Oh, it's ten year orl right, don't you maike no mistake.

SEAKALE. You shut up, old Soot-bags. Always a-croakin'! Suppose you cawn't 'elp it. A lifetime o' lookin' up chimbleys is enough to make a chap gloomy.

POTTS. It ain't that. But I've 'ad no proper sleep. That there Boyle, next cot to mine, 'as a cough fit to——

BULLEN. We all get it, Potts; you're no worse off than others——

POTTS. But I'm nearest 'im. 'E oughter go sick, 'e ought. I would if I'd 'arf 'is bark——

BOYLE. What is that you say, Private Potts? I am indeed truly grieved to cause you nocturnal annoyance, but it is the fortune of war. As for reporting sick, for a trifling disorder like mine, I should scorn to do any such thing. One of my two boys is in the thick of it out yonder, and here I am in fairly comfortable quarters—report sick! No. By the way, this is my 51st birthday, boys. My wife has sent me a tuck-box. We shall explore and discuss its contents this evening. There are some lozenges, Potts, which have never failed to do my cough good, so you may look forward to more restful nights.

BULLEN. All the same, Boyle, I'm not sure that you oughtn't to go sick for a bit. Your cough's pretty bad, you know, and might get serious.

BOYLE (*after a violent paroxysm*). What! and lose my musketry instruction! You know, Bullen, I've always taken a special interest in problems of ballistics, and the musketry course has atoned for all the inconveniences of squad and company drill. I admit I am not very bright at drill; I never can remember what to do in forming fours, when the rear rank is in front—have I not had pack-drill seven times for forgetting to step up instead of back?—but my musketry course has been balm in Gilead. I am working out a new formula in my spare moments. It may, I venture to think, lead to a not unimportant improvement in sighting, if my work comes out true.

POTTS. Is that them *X's* and *Y's* you're allus figgerin' with on the backs of old envelopes, matey?

BOYLE. The same, Private Potts. I have already brought out the co-efficient of deflection to five decimal places further than any previous investigator—

POTTS. Blimey, an' with that corf! You're a daisy, Boyle. If ye like, I'll clean yer rifle for yer to-night and

give yer a bit more spare time. 'Ow's the grandchild's measles?

BOYLE. Entirely cured, I rejoice to say, my daughter tells me. Ah, Leader, one moment.

LEADER. Well, only a moment, I'm on guard. Time I was off.

BOYLE. Can you, like a good fellow, lend me that number of *Blackwood* I saw you with yesterday? I've nothing to read.

LEADER. All right. Here you are. Catch! Butter-fingers!

SEAKALE. See 'ere, Leader, your pack-straps is all wrong. Sergeant 'f the Guard 'll give you wot for, if you parade like that. Steady a minnit. There ye are.

LEADER. Thanks awfully, old man. Ta-ta.

BOYLE. Leader! Leader!! Ah, he is gone. What a pity! I wanted to offer him some of my ointment. I notice that he has again torn his right hand cruelly at bayonet exercise. We all do, but Leader's hands are particularly delicate. My ointment is a sovereign remedy.

SEAKALE. Did that little box really cost a quid, guv'nor?

BOYLE. Oh no, it is merely a figure of speech. Meaning that the ointment is the best possible cure.

SEAKALE. Then say wot yer mean, ole cock. It saves a world o' trouble. Not but what you're improvin'. When we came 'ere fust I couldn't make you out at all, no more'n if you'd been a bloomin' furriner. No offence, but it's a fac'. Now ye speak more like a Christian. Bullen 'ere, though 'e was a bit of a toff too, wasn't near so bad.

BOYLE. We live and learn, Seakale. You see, I started at a great disadvantage.

SEAKALE. You did, sir. But you're learnin' to call a spud a spud, in the manner of speakin'; ain't 'e, Potts?

POTTS. Yus. Rowl on, ole Duration! Wot a life!

SEAKALE. Shut up, Gloomy. You, a young feller o' 47, 'asn't no call to be down'earted. You 'aven't begun to know wot rheumatics is yet. That last route-march in the rain did me proper. I could 'ardly slope arms for a week for the pain in my elbow. Cheero! Finished with my button-stick, Bullen? Thanks.

(BULLEN *and* BOYLE *confer a little apart.*)

BOYLE. The evergreen cheerfulness of Seakale is an example to us all.

BULLEN. You're right. But we haven't much to complain of, all told. One gets used even to not seeing the morning papers first thing before breakfast. I've almost forgotten the prices of Kaffirs. And bar the first inconvenience of rough and ready meals, one grubs along well enough. Do you still miss your bath?

BOYLE. Considerably. I shall never get quite reconciled to that. The habits of half a century are not easily broken. And sleeping in slacks is not altogether agreeable. Still, *delenda est Borussia!*

BULLEN. Amen! Bye the bye, Leader has a new book just ready.

BOYLE. Good man! How ever did he find time?

BULLEN. Oh, like yourself, nipped every odd minute. On off-nights he sat in the Y.M.C.A. and pegged away at it.

BOYLE. His experiences here, of course?

BULLEN. Not a bit. He's an old soldier already. He'll not risk any breaches of discipline. It's on his own subject, the Tudor period.

BOYLE. But—without access to books! Or hardly any! Wonderful!

BULLEN. Extraordinary memory, you know. But he brought along a lot of notes when he joined up. In the interval between the passing of the Man Power Act and the calling up he made most elaborate abstracts—on little slips—you know his microscopic hand—that's been his library. Memory did the rest.

BOYLE. He puts me to shame. I'm a slacker. But, in present circumstances I can't concentrate like that.

BULLEN. We're not all built the same way. And you're not rusting. As for me, I can be only a common sentinel, worse luck.

BOYLE. We're all common sentinels, and that's what really matters just now. Still, I'm glad Leader has pulled his book off. He's got a wife and a young family, and the 50 call seemed to have slammed the door on *his* livelihood. We were better off; you have your nest-egg, and the University looks after my household.

BULLEN. Good biz. Glad to hear it. I often wondered, but didn't like to ask. You've a son in the Army, haven't you?

BOYLE. Yes, two sons. There's the bugle.

POTTS (*as they tumble out to the square*). Now for a fust squint at our new Company Commander. 'Ear 'e was

transferred from the 4th Dumpshires. 'Ope 'e's as decent a cove as 'im we 'ad, eh, Boyle?

BOYLE. Oh, he's all right. Strict enough, I believe, but all right.

POTTS Wot d'*you* know 'bout 'im, ole *X's* and *Y's*?

BOYLE. Nothing but good. A decent fellow, they say.

BULLEN. Who is he, anyway?

BOYLE (*to Bullen—in a whisper*). Keep it dark. Merely my s—s—s—— (*heavy fit of coughing*).

BULLEN. Jehoshaphat! What a rum world we——

SERGEANT-MAJOR. Markers, steady!

(*The Company falls in.*)

COMPANY COMMANDER. That man with the cough, fall out. Report to the M.O. and get something for it.

(PRIVATE BOYLE, *inwardly mutinous, salutes and retires, as directed by his Captain and younger son.*)

The White Hind

A Legend of the Andes

(*From the Swedish of Baron Erland Nordenskiöld.*)

In bygone days the hind could change into a maiden of great beauty. Her eyes were then unfathomable as the depths of Titicaca, her figure slender as the palm and lithe as a vicuña's,* her teeth white as the snow on Sorata, her hair soft as a chinchilla's and lustrous as the little ant-bear's. She would come with the dawn, and vanish when the sun sank behind the mountains. No one knew who she was, whence she came, or whither she went. She always carried a spindle, and the thread she spun was finer than a spider's web and stronger than the stem of the liana. The whorl of the spindle was a turquoise, and the rod was of black chonta palm. Her garments were like an Aymara Indian's, but finer than any other woman's. The shawl she wore over her shoulders was woven of threads that were so fine that no human eye could distinguish them, in patterns of birds that were so natural that they could twitter and sing as if they were alive. The pin with which it was caught up was a sunbeam.

When she passed over the pampas she moved noiseless as the mist. Wherever she went the water drew aside and the ground dried, lest her feet should be soiled. Sorrow fled at her smile. A glance from her eyes made the wicked good.

Only by day had men seen her. When evening came she was gone. They wondered where she came from, and if she was really human. And many feared her even more than they admired her.

Of course, many young men fell in love with the girl. One of them asked her to come to the church with him that they might be married. She went as far as the church door. There she stopped, and when he turned round she was gone. All he saw was a hind in flight across the mountains. In this way she tricked many men.

One day she came over the pampas early in the morning. She was spinning the finest gold thread of the sunbeams that sported on the plain and glittered in the waters of Titicaca. There she met a youth of the Incas wearing a pointed cap

* Auchenia vicugna.

of vicuña wool. He was a handsome youth, and strong. His sling was plaited of the whisker-hairs of pumas and jaguars that he had slain, and with it he could bring down the condors proudly circling round the sacred peaks of Sorata and Illimani. His coca pouch was woven of the finest alpaca wool shorn on the alps of the Andes.

He stopped and greeted the girl, and she greeted in return. From that day they always took that path in the hope of meeting. Every time they met they remained together longer. The youth grew happier and happier, for he saw that the girl was his. But she grew sadder and sadder, and shed many a bitter tear.

One day the youth asked her to accompany him to his father's home and become his wife.

She promised to come the next day. When the morrow came and the youth went to the trysting-place he waited in vain for her. In like wise he longed and waited many days. He grew gloomy and bitter, and kept wondering why she did not come. Then he remembered what he had heard about the hind which changed into a beautiful woman and had deceived many young men. He had always been told that it was a myth, but he now began to think that it might be true.

Gloomily the hind roamed about the pampas. How gladly she would have become the wife of the proud, handsome youth. "But I am only a hind," she thought. "By day I can change into a woman, but when night comes I am a poor animal again, hunted by pumas and jaguars, and have to flee for my life, living in constant fear—a poor hind."

Wandering over the pampas she reached a mountain which had been cut into by water and sandstorms till hundreds of caves had been formed under boulders and rocks. Outside each cave sat a viscacha,* dreaming. The hind knew them all. She did not need to fear them, and was friendly with them.

In one of the caves lived an old viscacha woman. It was she whom the hind wanted to see. The woman was very old and very wise—so wise, indeed, that she was feared and hated by many. They said that she could bewitch. But she had always been friendly to the hind, and now she listened to the complaint which the hind poured forth.

"Beware of human beings," said the old viscacha. "You want to become one yourself," she snarled sarcastically. "People would always wonder where you came from, and

* Lagidium pernanum.

those who knew would mock you for having been a miserable hind. Think no more of it. I will help you no more." And she crept back into her narrow cave.

The hind stood in tears. The viscachas around her looked at her pityingly and then crept back into their caves.

The disconsolate hind went back to the pampas, down to Lake Titicaca. She heard the waves beat upon the shore, and dimly looked at men's rafts of reeds rocking on the water. She approached the shore to drink. The ruddy dawn lay upon water and cliffs, and the first beams of the sun were sporting with the snow on the peaks of the Andes. It was the break of day, which would once more turn her into a beautiful woman.

Looking into the water to see her image she caught sight of something shining brightly. It was a golden ornament, like two small horns. She laid it in her satchel and wandered away along a path, but not the path that led to the place where she used to meet the youth.

He, too, had been wandering about, looking for the girl, and it chanced that he took the path she had taken. And so they met again. He greeted, and when she would escape him he caught her in his arms. They fondled and caressed each other till the sun lay low on the horizon. The girl, who had lost all count of time, sprang up in terror to take leave of him before night should transform her again into the shape of an animal. And as she bade him farewell she playfully fastened in his hair the two gold horns she had found on the shore. Then she sped away over the pampas.

But the youth cried: "This time she shall not escape me. She shall be mine, even if I have to use force." And he gave chase. Over rocks and brooks they leapt, a wild pursuit. It was no longer a girl he was pursuing, it was a hind. For a moment he stopped, and touched his forehead; the gold ornament felt heavy. It had grown larger. He felt again. Mighty antlers met his hand. Again he tried to run, then fell forward on his hands and, changed into a deer, darted on to catch the flying hind.

She had stopped for him to overtake her; and now she stops with him for ever, for never again will they take human shape.

* * * * * *

"Was it you that bewitched him?" said one old viscacha to another. "Well, it's like this," answered the wise woman, "they will be happier among us animals than among men."

The American Point of View

By P. W. Wilson

I HAVE spent six months in America, have addressed scores of meetings, answered hundreds of questions, and arrived at one or two conclusions. Before the war the English sphere of influence was divided into an Empire, with a Republic in what theologians call a state of schism. To-day the two sovereignties, hereditary and elective, remain distinct, but there is intercommunion and interchange of pulpits. In London King George reviews American troops and discusses things with American Labour leaders. At Washington President Wilson sees not only Lord Reading, but Sir Robert Borden, of Canada, with whom he decides finance, and Mr. Hughes, of Australia, who has much to say about the Pacific Islands. Technically, the United States is still without an Ally, but in political, naval, military, and economic affairs she is to-day one organism with Britain. That bond includes the Latin races, both of the New and the Old World. The Empire which Rome licked into shape, with its logical extensions in the western hemisphere, is again leagued together, and strives against that middle Europe whose tribes were never permeated by the Roman sense of law. Milwaukee, with its Germans, feels the pressure as much as Mannheim, and Milwaukee has surrendered. She subscribes to the Red Cross, she holds her quota of Liberty Loan, and her sons obey the draft.

Many German militarists believed that hammer-blows would break the prestige and the power of Britain. It is true that in finance and commerce we do not retain our former pre-eminence. Where we used to lend to New York we now borrow. While America is building merchantmen, ours are sinking. Of our material assets we have been called upon to make immense sacrifices. But it is not Germany that gains our heritage. We share it freely with friends and comrades who speak our language. Had there been no war the centre of gravity for credit and commerce must have passed in any case from a divided and burdened Europe to lands across the sea, where nations live without such friction and waste of

effort. Germany has only hastened an inevitable tendency. By drawing her sword she has obliterated her own chances of challenging the vast resources of North and South America. She has made it probable—and some would say certain—that, as the American communities forge ahead from strength to strength, they will reinforce whatever is for the best—and this is much—in Britain's mission among the peoples.

Neither the United States nor Britain has yet understood the other. I am myself typical of our Parliamentary ignorance of American history. On the other side a vigorous but recent propaganda has begun to dispose of school-book misconceptions. Most thoughtful people here now realise that German troops fought at Bunker Hill, that Canning suggested the Monroe Doctrine, and that British battleships were helpful in Manilla Bay. If in future years we dislike one another, it will be less because of the past than because of what we are here and now—it will be due to incompatibility of temper. Much will depend on how American and British soldiers get on together, and on the spirit in which, after the war, emigrants leave our shores. Much also will depend on our relations with countries far distant from America. We do not sufficiently realise that the United States is international in texture. The opinion of us in Ireland affects the opinion of us in Boston. When we capture Jerusalem we win one-quarter of New York. When we hurry to the help of Italy there is a thrill in Cleveland on Lake Erie. And what we should try to understand is this—it is not the governing classes of Europe, not even the middle class, that find homes in America. It is the poor. America is the chance in life that Europe denies. And friendship with America means, therefore, in the long run, sympathy with the down-trodden nearer home—a keen appreciation of those causes which drove families to America. Ecclesiastical privilege, honours, hereditary titles may seem to be quite harmless. But my experience is that they are producing or maintaining quite a wrong impression of England. In many respects—for instance, Labour—we are years ahead of America in the slow march of evolution. Yet the fact is veiled by anachronisms which nobody defends—which lie only on the surface. Take, for instance, the Established Church. Our best friends in America are persons of British descent. There are one million "Anglican" Episcopalians—less than half the number of Lutherans. But of Baptists there are six and a half millions and of Methodists seven and a half millions.

Presbyterians and Congregationalists are more than three millions. Even Quakers are a hundred thousand. Britain cannot expect to be entirely popular as long as Englishmen, wherever they receive the warmest welcome, have to explain, as well as they can, why the dominant faith of American Christians, as represented in the old country, is officially regarded as inferior. Despite all the Catholicism that there is in the United States, I have not heard one whisper against the action taken by France when she disestablished religion. On the contrary, the peculiar enthusiasm for France feeds on this constant sense that, in respect of *Liberté*, *Egalité*, *Fraternité*, the two democracies think one thought.

Between England and America problems of precedence do not arise. Only those who have breathed the air here can realise how gracious was the compliment paid by an elder to a younger and still sensitive sister when "the Stars and Stripes" flew over the Houses of Parliament on a level with the Union Jack and of equal size. The American Eagle is a concession to King Jingo, but, whether as flag or anthem, the Star-Spangled Banner means to America all that has made America; and no people, so rich and numerous, has ever saluted so fervently a regalia so simple. Pageants are a national cipher which we do well to study. Britain, being small and homogeneous, fears the rut, and aims, therefore, at diversity, maintains many colleges and public schools, cultivates cranks, and is patient with minorities. America is large and varied; to her the objective must be unity. Through four years of anguish she had to fight for it. Her parades and drives and patriotic anniversaries are as instinctive in their sagacity as the universal ceremonies of the Roman Church. The East has industries, the West agriculture. New England in the North is intellectual; Georgia in the South is sometimes illiterate. But by asking everybody to do the same thing on a given date, by singing one song and displaying one flag, Americans become nation-conscious. That, for the moment, is enough of achievement for her. Delicate compromises, unwritten traditions, Cabinets of responsible Ministers, and Municipal Corporations will come later on as finishing touches. But, hitherto, it has been the President, and loyalty, and sharp forceful decision.

The tendency to standardise is universal. Without a standard, few ships could be built; with it, an immense tonnage is launched. An Englishman used to have his automobile made to order. An American must select one of a

type or go without. The machine-worker is cheap; the machine-maker is a multi-millionaire. One reason why, unconsciously, Englishmen get themselves disliked is that they will do things differently. It is literally true that Canadian employers put up the notice: "No Englishman need apply." We are so apt to know better—to cross the road at an angle instead of straight—to walk upstairs when there is an elevator—to write letters when there is a telephone—to hire a taxicab when baggage can be sent by express. In these little details there is a touch of heresy—of dissent—the dissent of superiority. It is not etiquette only that we infringe, it is a principle—a theory of life, a custom of the mind. Frenchmen are quicker to adapt themselves to equals. And on equality Americans insist.

The Britain that I left was a land of inquiry, spiritual doubt, even disillusionment. Everywhere men were mistrusting the miraculous. The America where I landed was still glowing with a childlike faith in mercy and righteousness and freedom and virtue. Germany smiled and sneered. She now trembles. The people that England sends to America must beware of Germany's error. For instance, they must remember, if they are in uniform, that no American soldier may to-day take alcohol. That is the rule, and it is not for guests to break it. With all respect to *Punch* and Capt. Bairnsfather, I am not quite certain whether the British Army deserves the long succession of jests which depend on bad grammar, a kind of nonchalant insolence towards death and pain, and a steady avoidance of the ideals for which millions of men are dying. The impression has been created here that Britain is muddling along, cheerful but not very competent, brave but bone-headed, with better courage than Generals. After all, this war is not a joke. There is discipline in our Army as well as dirt in the trenches. And if our officers don't know their work they ought to. I should like America to see a little more of the smartness, the sacrifices, the thoughtfulness, the education of the British soldier. France does not allow her troops to be treated as comic opera or vaudeville. And America would apply her own methods to such humour. In the meantime she takes us precisely at our own valuation, and assumes that in Higher Command, which means intellect, we are careless amateurs, just what we are made to look like.

What the country thinks of Britain will be determined after the war by the opinion which American soldiers form

during their service in Europe. These men are drawn from every city and State in the Union, and their verdict will be final. I have been reading the collected speeches of Mr. Newton D. Baker. No Minister for War has ever discussed the ethical aspects of his rough task in terms so human, so idealist, and, some would say, so Puritan. The American character is, of course, explicit, while ours is implicit. Their constitution is written, while ours is a mental assumption. Because we do not claim to be disinterested, it does not follow that we are selfish. But, when all this has been said, the fact remains that Americans are out for something more than mere victory. They want to win; they also wish to win nobly. It is up to us to avoid any circumstances which might change a deep respect for our country into disillusionment.

Americans on their side must not suppose that because English people suspect, and therefore avoid, fine phrases they are therefore indifferent to lofty motives. Perhaps I may give an illustration: In his speech to the Mexican editors President Wilson stated with complete sincerity that America will get nothing out of this war. Side by side with this speech there was reported a somewhat triumphant declaration by Mr. Hurley, of the Shipping Board, who told how next year the American shipyards would produce as much tonnage as England has launched in any five years. That mercantile marine is needed for the war, but, obviously, the ships will be a valuable asset. Americans will not mind the remark that their aspirations are not as yet accompanied by actual sacrifice. None of us can tell how long the war will last, but the actual contribution by the individual American home to the cause of human liberty cannot in the nature of things approach what has already been freely offered on that altar by individual homes in Italy, France, and Britain. Europe is indebted to America for a splendid reinforcement of her hard-pressed faith. But the influence of America will be in exact proportion to her recognition of what she owes—and the debt is very great—to the European countries which have borne the brunt of the battle.

To some extent American humorists have given England an imperfect idea of their country. I have been astonished by the charm, the courtesy, and, let me add, the humility of the Americans whom I have met. They are anxious to hear and to learn. They are quick to appreciate a suggestion and generous in acknowledging it. If Englishmen are to hold their place in the world they will have to study the American

point of view, even where they may not adopt it. In passing, I may remark that Americans do not entirely accept our theory that in business we are a simple and straightforward nation dealing with clever—not to say sharp—cousins across the water. Americans pay unfailing tribute to our commercial subtlety. They only think that we look simple.

And when we come to terms of peace we shall have to reckon with this high estimate of our negotiating ability. Bear in mind that we are dealing with a country which has been taught by George Washington that conquest and Empire are of the devil. That is still the fixed belief of most Americans. One gets over it by explaining that the British Empire is not a fixed servitude, but a constant process of evolution towards autonomy. As we assume responsibility for new provinces, so do old provinces pass from control to self-government. About the glory of Empire I say nothing when I speak here. It is Empire as a form of service to mankind that interests Americans. They approach native races not as merchants, or magistrates, or soldiers, but as missionaries. Assuming, as we must assume, that for various reasons we cannot hand back to the enemy Pacific Islands, the occupied colonies in Africa, Palestine, and Mesopotamia, the question will inevitably arise, What is to be done with these territories? Many considerations will arise. Among them must be included American opinion. We have seen how eager she is to adopt international solutions—to arrive at international diplomacy, and even strategy. Great Britain will do well to recognise that the white man's burden is also international. For any new territories it is clear that she must seek a sanction beyond herself, and even for her existing Empire she would do well to reinforce her mission with American approval, and to rely, as she can afford to do, not so much upon rights of possession as upon the consent of the governed. America is now a World-Power. This means that she can appreciate Britain's responsibilities better than ever before. We lose nothing by defining those responsibilities in terms which agree with President Wilson's ideal of an International League, and we may gain much.

The Mentality of Marshal Foch

By Major Darnley Stuart-Stephens

We can learn just as much from the mistakes of great leaders in war as from those of small ones; more, perhaps, for the former are more insidious, the more seductive. No one ever avoids mistakes in war. Was it not Napoleon himself who said that the greatest general is the one who made the fewest mistakes? Moltke would have been the first to admit his errors, had he thought it wise; the Germans themselves, both during and after the war of 1870, realised that their leadership was anything but perfect, and they silently set themselves to work to remedy its defects at a time when it was the tendency of military authorities to lavish indiscriminate and undiscerning praise on everything done by the victors of 1870. Now I have heard from a neutral and well-informed source (one which I have often been indebted to for exclusive information which has appeared in my articles in this Review during the last three and a half years), during the later stages of the Crown Prince's spectacular thrust at Paris, that considerable friction existed between that quarrelsome personage and the Main Headquarters on the field—a state of things which had the most grievous influence on the strategy of the last of the enemy's great offensives. The directing hand too often was not set to work in time, or acted in ignorance of the real circumstances, with the result that subordinates escaped from control and neglected the order of the High Command. These pretty little misunderstandings are not wholly unknown in the overpraised German Staff. Once upon a time there took place a verbal conflict between the Prussian Great Headquarters on the one side and the Commander of the 2nd Army on the other, which culminated in the Prussian holocaust at St. Privat and the outkicking of Steinmetz from his command. It is exquisitely grateful and comforting to the minds of lesser mortals that great Teutonic mandarins can quarrel over mere personal grievances on the very field of battle, just as if they were only ordinary soldier-men.

Anyway, there was clearly a muddle in the German mind somewhere. Ludendorff undertook a grave risk in leaving his right flank almost *en air*, and that flank dangerously nigh to

that most important line of communication: the Soissons—Château-Thierry road. Such carelessness was all the more culpable inasmuch as the Allies held great stretches of forest just beyond the German front on the west side, which was effectually used for the continuous massing of Foch's underrated reserves. The whole operation which the Germans had in hand depended for success upon *passivity on the part of Foch*—a condition the High Command had no right to count upon, considering that his book, "Les Principes de Guerre," was, to my own knowledge, the subject of a very acrimonious discussion in 1910 by a small committee of the Grosser General Stab which dealt with the military literature of potential enemies.

Is it not almost certain that the enemy's forces in the north and north-east theatres of war on the Western front must, acting on their opponents' motto "Reculer pour mieux sauter," retire out of the salient which the enveloping movement which evidently is in Foch's mind will tend to create and concentrate at some distance from their own readjusted lines, disputing every inch of the way, but retaining the power to decline a decision until it suits them?

Having thus obtained the advantage of the shorter base and a position of their own choosing, they may be able to put to the test their own Moltke's statement that the combination of the strategical offensive with the tactical defensive is the strongest form of war. Towards the end of his life (and it must be remembered that the master strategist never suffered from senile decay, but was a clear thinker to the last day of his mind-exercised life) Moltke, in his verbal criticism of the fiftieth Tactical Problem set before the Prussian General Staff, said:

"According to my opinion, gentlemen,* owing to the improvements in small arms and in a lesser degree in artillery, the tactical defensive has gained a great advantage over the offensive. We were always offensive, certainly, in the campaigns of 1866 and 1870, and attacked and captured the strongest positions of the enemy; but, gentlemen, with what sacrifices! It appears to me more favourable if the offensive is only assumed after repulsing several attacks of the enemy. The next great war may, owing to the enormous masses engaged, resolve itself into one of mutual defensive operations."

* Count Helmuth von Moltke was, it is not generally known, distinguished in lecturing to what were, to him, young officers for his uniform un-Prussian-like courtesy (but then he was a Dane), his mastery of expression, and his Scot-like dry humour.

When armies are more or less equal (as, notwithstanding the ever-increasing American reinforcements, both Allies and enemy will be until the coming winter *) a position may develop which is likely to lead to negative results. My some thirty years' study of German war-doctrine leads me to believe that the psychological view of the enemy's Grosser General Stab will be that an attempt by Foch to envelop where Hindenburg takes up a waiting attitude covered by his entrenched advance guard is likely to lead to a situation such as confronted the Japanese General Kuroki after his passage of the Taitzu. The Japanese movements on this occasion bore a curious resemblance to those of Ulm and Metz. What is the lesson to be sought for from these far-apart chapters of military history? In all three battles the forces acting on the offensive, such as we now might expect Foch to do, operated on a preconceived idea which, based on entirely wrong assumptions in each instance, was just saved from disaster because the other fellow was successfully "bluffed." Mack did not, as was fondly anticipated, "oblige" by effecting a retrograde movement by way of Augsburg; the luckless Bazaine, contrary to the fixed belief of Moltke, was not retiring to concentrate with MacMahon, that other luckless servant of an ungrateful Imperial master; Kuropatkin had for once made up his mind to stand by his many ill-nourished guns. But his despised little yellow antagonist had, consciously or otherwise, correctly interpreted the Napoleonic essential maxim, "On ne manœuvre qu'autour d'un point fixé." The Japs' fixed point was surely the Russian forces round Liao-Yarek itself. But Kuroki underestimated the tactical value of Kuropatkin's entrenched advance guard and the consequent power of manœuvre left to the Russians, with proportionately larger forces. The result, as we know now,† was that when Kuroki crossed the river that divided him from the enemy, under the impression that the greycoats were taking the first instalment of their way home, he found the Muscovites very much to the front—in fact, he found himself in precisely the same situation that von Alvensleven had found himself in on that day of *effectual* cavalry charges, August 16th, 1870. That the Far Eastern leader of the German organised army acted in exactly the same way as the Prussian General had done just thirty-four years previously was no mere coincidence,

* The new German reserves of this year will swell the enemy's ranks in October.

† *With Kuroki.* By an Officer of his Personal Staff. (Yokohama, 1916.)

but the result of a close study of the lessons of the Franco-German War and the possession of that lofty spirit of the Japanese officer which means in the presence of unexpected difficulty the greater determination to win.

That Kuropatkin and his corps commanders were ludicrously deceived as to Kuroki's strength by the sheer boldness of his attack is, I maintain, in all the circumstances, an apt parallel to the case of Marshal Bazaine and his bewildered corps commanders. But, given equal leading, can it be doubted that the favourable position of Kuropatkin and the numerical superiority which he was able to bring against Kuroki must have led to the latter's disastrous defeat? But, in the case of Hindenburg and Foch, the leadership is—all things considered—fairly equal. Will the new Marshal seek the opportunity for a quick and decisive result as compared with any alternative method? Is Foch the imaginative sort of man who, looking to the enormous cost in blood and treasure to his country of the war, will feel himself a species of instrument chosen by the Almighty God of Battles, one who thoroughly realises the importance of the time factor and the appalling necessity for a quick, decisive decision? For, be it remembered, Ferdinand Foch is a fervent son of the ancient Faith, and now and again at his lectures I have noticed that far-away look of the mystic in his eyes that I remember so well in those of that other soldier-saint, Charles Gordon. This by the way. Or will the risks of an attack in force upon an enemy assuming the defensive seem so great as to paralyse initiative, so that both armies may be found confronting each other, each trying to induce the other to show his hand? What is Foch going to do? Is he going to let the world's battle die down? Or is he going to risk breaking his head against another impregnable Hindenburg line? So much the daily Press. And the "weeklies'" heaven-born strategists, when discussing the most likely line of the Generalissimo's actions, as indicated by events in 1914 and the present year, assume the attitude of a purblind connoisseur examining a Whistler etching under a high-power microscope. Yet, when all is said and done, there is ample room for doubt and discussion, and the layman may perhaps say with that old convivial poet-astrologer, one Omar Khayyám:

> "Myself, when young, did eagerly frequent
> Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
> About it and about; but evermore
> Came out by the same door that in I went."

Now, is not the way to get at the mentality of the man on the correctness of whose theories depends the future of the globe's civilisation just that of, so to speak, catching him unawares? Twenty years ago, not then being a target for the world's reporters, Foch spoke at length his true mind. As events of to-day indicate, the mind of Foch has in no wise changed.

"Modern war," said the then Commandant Foch, "to arrive at its end, to impose its will on the enemy, recognises only one means: the destruction of the enemy's organised forces (in the field). War undertakes and prepares the destruction by the battle on such a scale as brings about the overthrow of the adversary, the disorganisation of his Higher Command, the destruction of his discipline, the confusion of his *liaisons*, and the nullification of his units as far as their fighting power is concerned. . . . It is this central act of war, with victory as its object, that we will now consider; for, gentlemen, it is a battle of this kind that is the one and only argument of war, the single aim to which all strategic operations lead, and we must, therefore, seek to consider if such a method of overthrow practically exists, and what that method is. Very well, then, our first axiom must be, that in order to achieve its double object . . . the battle must not be purely defensive. Under the defensive form it is indeed possible to stop the enemy's march, to forbid him to reach an immediate objective,* but the results are exclusively negative. Never can the defensive lead to the enemy's destruction; never can it achieve the conquest of the ground he occupies, though this may be *the single exterior sign of victory*.† Hence the defensive alone is constitutionally incapable of bringing victory into being. Furthermore, a purely defensive battle, even if well conducted, does not result in a victor and a vanquished. To use a familiar illustration, it is simply a game

* Twenty years after the delivery of this lecture occurred the so-called "spectacular" advance of the Crown Prince's army, after that astonishing *tour de force* of the capture of the Chemin des Dames. The 1918 march to the Marne was a "spectacular performance"—for the very good reason that it was designed especially for that very object in order to divert the attention of Foch from what was meant by the German High Command to be the decisive point, namely, the road to Abbeville and the isolation of Haig's army, and, as a means to that end, to render France nervous as to the security of Paris. That third of the great enemy surprise blows would have proved a masterpiece of *political* strategy had not Foch possessed the breadth of vision to discriminate between (to use a brace of rococo expressions recently invented) *political* and *regular* strategy.

† How frequently has this essential fact, to which the Generalissimo so many years past drew attention, been overlooked in journalistic military criticism of to-day.

that must be begun all over again. A defensive battle is a duel in which one of the principals does nothing but parry. Nobody can believe that by so doing he can beat his antagonist. . . . Then the decisive attack is the supreme argument of the modern battle; in a war of nations it is the struggle of masses of men and passions which the culminating attack seeks to overthrow. In the manœuvre battle, characterised by a supreme effort, the decisive attack often degenerates into the difficult parallel battle or battle of trenches, in which fighting goes on everywhere, and in which the Commander-in-Chief waits a favourable circumstance or a happy inspiration, which generally does not come, to decide when and where he will move, if, indeed, he does not leave this duty to his subordinates, who imitate him, and who pass on the responsibility to their underlings, until finally it is the private soldiers who win the battle—a battle without a name, otherwise than one of the many in history which has been allowed by a Commander-in-Chief to die down." *

In yet another of his lectures General Foch preached that "the feebleness of the parallel battle (that of trench warfare) is that the attack develops elsewhere with an equal force, leading to a uniform pressure against a defender who offers a resistance equally uniform, but superior in effect, because he disposes of special advantages, such as shelter, protection for his primary artillery armament, etc., which the assailant does not enjoy in the same degree. Thus the attack spends its forces, drop by drop, like molecules of water falling into the sea."

And the new Marshal had, as might be readily conceived, the lesson of *l'an terrible* in his view when he said :—"The parallel battle, it must be recognised, was the fatal idea, or rather the absence of idea, on the conduct of the general combat as a whole which governed the High Command of our Army in 1870. The dependence was placed on ground won or lost in certain evolutions instead of the results to be finally won after these evolutions had been completed."

Here, then, are the principles that collectively underlie the soul of Marshal Foch's strategy. What do they embody? An unhesitating advocacy of the attack, whether delivered in the form of the pure offensive or the qualified defensive-offensive, but never the defensive alone!

* These bitter words would almost seem to have been an intelligent anticipation of certain of our wonderful operations on the Western front which took place a score of years *subsequent to* their utterance.

And here also is that one pregnant extract from old Moltke's classic judgments, the teaching of which has been reflected in nearly four years of that trench warfare of which Foch speaks in such depreciatory terms:

"Where it is not necessary to hold on to a distant line of operations (one can change one's base according to circumstances), remove the line of retirement either to fortresses or one's own bodies of troops. But if it is desired to occupy a flanking position, one cannot form up on an open plain perhaps parallel to the roads by which the enemy is expected, for otherwise the enemy would attack the nearest wing and gain for himself the full effects of a flank attack. A flanking position must rather be chosen, with the wings leaning as much as possible on strong points which will obtain for it the effect of protecting a surprise counter-attack."

The lesson of this summer's operations is, I make bold to assert, that a strategically decisive success will become rarer as both armies increase in size, and final success will be the result of *moral* due to a succession of *tactical* defeats, though none may have had decisive results. The conclusion to be arrived at is that, other conditions being equal, a crowning victory depends upon the MAN rather than on the men—that the initiative is the keystone of success. Thus it is the human element, after all, that is decisive, the man dominating the men, the moral to the physical, as success is to failure. And the man who has been consecrated by destiny to the saving from Moloch of this globe's civilisation, he who has spent forty years thinking out the problems of his profession, the master who taught in the schools the great Foch doctrine, "will-power wins," it is he who will prove once more that in the conflict between the finely tempered sword and the finely tempered brain, it is the mental asset that will prevail.

America, the "Centre-board" of Europe

By Austin Harrison

We would draw earnest attention to the two articles published in this issue on the nature of the settlement of the war. The one, by Mr. George Aitken, which was a close second in our Prize Competition, conceives an end based on humanity and ethics on the lines of the so-called League of Nations; the other, voicing the military point of view, demands a strategic solution according to the old war-formula of *vae victis*. Both these expositions may be regarded as representative. The one reflects the material settlement coveted by a majority which would stamp victory with the impress of finality; the other, while avoiding all trace of sentimentality, sees in this struggle the end of an old order and would endeavour to create a true fellowship of Peoples rooted in the growing world-consciousness and conscience of civilisation.

No man can read these two lucid utterances—of a soldier and of a creator—without feeling the immense antagonism of attitude which divides them. They may be summarised as the judgments of law and soul.

The soldier's statement is purely military. He demands sentence and with it his pound of flesh. And his motive is strategic, that is to say, the settlement to him must be a question of security and reinsurance. The peace design is therefore prohibitional. Germany must be shorn of colonies because of the power she has shown with her submarines, *i.e.*, the only security lies in a Germany without a seaboard. Instead of the formula "no annexations," his case rests upon the victorious formula, "no restorations"; which would shut out Germany from Africa, from China, and from all island possessions. Similarly he reasons in the East; because the East is a British interest, therefore Germany must be shut out from all connection and contact. His soldiers' peace would constrict Germany in the centre of Europe, wired and staked in amid a League of Nations whose predominant aim it would be to prevent her growth and development, and this as the sure guarantee against war.

This peace is the regulation peace of all soldiers. It was the Romans' way; it was Napoleon's way; undoubtedly it was the sort of peace dreamt of by the Pan-Germans when they set out to Germanise Europe. The question we have to answer is whether it is to be our way now that the vast resources of America entitle us to assume that, no matter how long the process may take and no matter at what price, ultimately we shall be in the position to impose our will. Now we have but to compare these two utterances to realise that the soldier's peace cannot be made to harmonise with the creative man's peace; more, that the one is the negation of the other.

Mr. Aitken says that " war has demonstrated the need for a new political Reformation, and for some far-reaching advance by the nations towards collective and effective control of their international politics and interests. National isolation is no longer possible." The soldier's premiss *per contra* is a group nationality holding down by force another nationality; the exact opposite to the idea of Internationalism. Again, whereas the soldier insists upon " security," the creator postulates that to aim at absolute security is to " invite a display of political quackery." That is to say that where the soldier sees *post bellum* Europe as a rigid structure or organism, the creator lays it down as axiomatic that society is " no inflexible and unchanging " structure and that the horizons of human perception are perpetually widening. Hence progress must be continuous, correlated and cumulative, and sanction must be " democratic or popular."

The League of Nations writer insists that such a League must be more than a political formula, a juridical system, or an inter-governmental alliance; it must become the public expression of the life of nations; and he finds the chief problem to consist in the difficulty of reconciling international government with national sovereignty: a condition which the soldier rejects, *qua* soldier. What the militarist claims as guarantee Mr. Aitken denounces as illusion. The Peoples, he says, would view with apprehension the controlling *personnel* of a combination invested with supreme powers. The mere claim of a majority to impose its will by force on a minority would *ab ovo* largely stultify its capacity for pacific counsel and constructive action. And if the chief object of such a majority was how to " enforce peace," that very determination would become its disintegrative factor. In a word, there are no positive guarantees; there is no final security; the

very formation of such decrees throws the world back rather than forward, the only constructive impulse lying in the progressive sanction of peoples.

Here we have the root issue between the military and democratic ideas; the former thinking only after the manner of the old nationalist, diplomatic, and militarist bureaucracies, *i.e.*, law or system, the other placing all its faith in sanction and in the world's spiritual development. The two are contradictory, irreconcilable. This is the quintessence of the world's difficulty and, it may well be, is the key problem of the war. A military peace imposed upon a defeated enemy implies not only a re-assertion of the principle of nationality, but the world's positive acceptance of what is known as Imperialism: albeit a variation of the German Feudal claim. So much is clear. Historically, the war would thus end in a transvaluation of imperial power, the eclipse of Germanic imperialism leading to the supremacy of an Anglo-American imperialism in sovereign mastery of the seas. The idea of the Nation-State would be reconsolidated, of which patriotism in the dominant States, and, inversely, patriotism in the defeated States, would thus continue to be the ideological expression, thereby perpetuating the right, because the utility, of force. In which climax there would be nothing new historically, and Germany would merely in turn assume the part of Alsace-Lorraine in Europe, thirsting for revenge and retaliation. There is, indeed, no escape from this result of a militarist peace, for the Germans and Austro-Germans, numbering some 85,000,000 people, cannot permanently be crushed or even held in submission short of a massacre or the castration of the greater part of the male population, which humanly is scarcely realisable. For a period, no doubt, the dominant League could compel submission, could frustrate development, could impoverish and hold down a defeated Germany, but it could not aspire to do so permanently, because such an imposition is contrary to the law of life, and, as we know, oppression is the cradle of nationality. But apart from this result of a peace by compulsion, we are to-day faced with the undoubted phenomenon of evolution operating through democracy in the conception of a European commonwealth. And this new force is the beacon of the League of Nations idea, as it is the paradox of our war-cry of Nationality or the Nation-State. In a word, this new thing is the challenge of internationalism.

Internationalism has of course been the strength of Rome

for centuries. We saw it wilt away in 1914 under war from Social Democracy; to-day we find it the one live spark in the new world of Labour. We witnessed its sublimation in Bolshevist Russia. Unquestionably, too, a League of Nations implies internationalism. The question therefore is: Are we *passing from the state of Nationalism to Internationalism?* Or stated popularly, is this war the death struggle of Feudal Europe, destined to lead mankind towards the international view of life and thereby remove the great cause of war—the armed Nation-State?

The soldier ignores these things; they are not his business. He declines professionally to believe in any radical change in human nature. In the fortunes of war one side survives, the other goes under. That is his law. In a League of Nations peace he decries an interference not only in his profession of arms but in the conditions which govern his profession. Such men, he argues, "would betray what we won." The slow processes of human evolution are not his job. On the contrary, he thinks punitively. An enemy must first be defeated, secondly he must be deprived of the power of resuscitation, which was Moltke's view. To him a peace which did not give "security," in other words, which did not penalise the defeated foe, would be a "politicians'" peace. He would tie down Germany for good; clip her wings; knock her out for at least half a century.

After 30,000,000 casualties the matter is of a vital importance to bleeding Europe, because a militarist peace implies war to its cataclysmic end in, say, a couple of years, whereas the international way signifies a *point of correction* which might, granted as primary condition our own sincerity, bring about the desired result even this year. If we tried to, that is: if the Allies made a joint public announcement of the end in view. We can say to Germany: "You have lost. You must now suffer the penalty. The verdict is *Vae victis*"; or we might say to her: "We believe in democratic sanction. When you are ready to work in that spirit, our League is open to you. You will judge of our sincerity by our actions. Till that time we must go on destroying your lives because such is the new world judgment as regards war and imperialism."

Mr. H. G. Wells in his book "In the Fourth Year" has bravely defined the basis of a League of Nations as sincerity. He wrote: "The plain truth is that the League of Free Nations, if it is to be a reality, if it is to effect a real

pacification of the world, must do no less than supersede Empire; it must end not only this new German imperialism, which is struggling so savagely and powerfully to possess the earth, but it must also wind up British imperialism and French imperialism, which do now so largely and inaggressively possess it. . . . . Until people have faced the clear antagonism that exists between imperialism and internationalism, they have not begun to suspect the real significance of this project of the League of Free Nations."

This is concrete, logical, and uncompromising, and as Mr. Wells is not one of the Propaganda writers, his opinion is important; at the same time this leadership or, as many will opine, "Utopianism," is utterly at variance with the case for the non-restoration of occupied territory, which is the Government's case, so far as we are permitted to understand it.

The "knock-out" attitude of the Prime Minister clashes with almost every word in Mr. Wells's book. To France, the blood question is the historical dispute over Alsace-Lorraine. We know from General Smuts that Africa will never re-admit German colonisation. Are we and the French then to claim the right of African imperialism while damning German imperialism as immoral, even as we permit a mild form of Italian imperialism there? Are we to hold naval bases all over the world while depriving Germany of any base or coaling station? Are we to impound the natural resources of the world in order to keep down German trade? Apparently the soldier thinks so. The "Secret Treaties" all point the same way: they have not been denounced.

Sooner or later we shall have to make up our minds, for we need be under no delusion about militarism under a force or punitive peace. Germany is not likely to submit indefinitely to the terms of a conqueror's peace; nor have we any right to count on the combination of power which—during the Boer War it was almost in identical force mobilised against us—has combined to crush the German ambition. An armed League to keep in subjection a rival League presupposes the old military conditions and the old military situation governed by secret diplomacy, group interest and force, and is the antithesis to a League of Nations. It would alter nothing. Moreover, it would be conditioned by America. We should have deserved nothing. Absolutely, the only alternative *is sincerity*.

To state the problem. Shall we, when the war has been won for us by America, muddle into an armed peace, as unarmed we muddled into war; or, anticipating the pattern and design of the new world that already is shaping, shall we think what manner of peace it is that we want; that can be constructive and educational, that can remove the causes of war, as the only way to end war? We do not know. Sir E. Carson cynically "torpedoed" Parliament the other day by calling out: "Is there any man who opposes a League of Nations?" And there the matter rests. Men regard it as a fantasy of war, another neurosis. But some men see in the rising tide of internationalism a live idea which may yet prove to be the new christianity. The issue is open, and, in truth, the problem of internationalism cannot be disposed of with a jest, or for that matter by a khaki election. It is the grand paradox of the war, the central fact of which to-day is the military power of America. Germany's war with Europe is ending; but for America she would have ridden roughshod over the democratic idea. Now the fortunes of war have again changed and have moved finally against her—against her hope of compelling a German peace. It was for that purpose that America entered the war—to defeat militarism, to save democratic idealism. On the day of peace America will thus be the world's actual and potential dictator, thereby changing the history of Europe, politically and culturally.

When, therefore, the soldier demands a Nation-State peace, he forgets that, though the cry is Nationality and the rights of self-government, it is the international or associate idea which has provided him with the force necessary to frustrate the feudal design of the Germans, an internationalisation of means and resources hitherto unthinkable, embracing America and even the stratocracy of Japan. That is the truth about the European balance of power we have to face. The balance of power has henceforth shifted to America, who entered the war quintessentially to free peoples, not to enslave them, to promote, that is, internationalism or the balance of sanction. The soldier's way, which is the judgment of fear, demanding securities, penalties, and indemnities in the power equivalents of gold, is the old European way which clearly would leave us much as we were before the war, with all the potentialities of militarism. Now this, so far as we can judge from Mr. Wilson's crusade, is not the purpose of America. Nor must we forget

that American intervention denotes a revolution in European history. America has her own Monroe Doctrine: hitherto her policy has been strictly the avoidance of interference in Europe, but this principle has been broken. On principle. For the principle of democratic progress. It is difficult to believe that America will use her immense power merely to bring about a transvaluation of imperialism, because her stated object in fighting for us is international morality,—sincerity devoted to the breaking down of the war castes and conditions of a still feudal Europe. Otherwise there would clearly be no new morality in her intervention, but only sympathy for a parent civilisation, which would not differentiate her action from that of any other alliance of choice or interest in any previous war. And that she holds to this morality we may see in her attitude to the military intervention demanded by the Entente Press in Russia. The difficulty is that human nature cannot believe this stupendous new thing. Man cannot credit a truly moral war, a disinterested war; still more does man find it difficult to believe that war will cease because of the magnitude of suffering, and on that point no doubt the law of degree seems fairly convincing. Yet in reality America's intervention is the greatest proof that we have yet seen of the international idea, the declared purpose of which is to remove the causes of war. Internationalism means the courage of faith as opposed to the force idea of security; it implies a change of attitude towards war as a biological right or necessity; it demands public democratic sanction in place of the old secret diplomacy of kings and politicians; it would place higher than the Nation-State or imperialism the good will of all working for and through the Commonwealth.

The hope of a League of Nations peace would seem thus to depend upon the correctness of the estimate of the world's moving spirit; whether, that is, national opinion is moving towards internationalism in its approach to the new era of the Commonwealth. But again this is conditioned by sincerity, which is not apparent in European Governments and leaders and demands a power of enlightenment and direction which also are not apparent. So far the case has only been suggested, and that is as far as we have got.

We have yet to see whether any human doctrine can make obsolete the law of the fittest, or war. Mankind resents the over-powerful in life. It was this instinctive right of self-preservation which rose to overthrow Napoleon

and to-day in far vaster shape has combined to defeat Germany. The only question is whether civilisation has advanced since Waterloo sufficiently to seek an international instead of a material result.

To sum up: the soldier, in the belief that the leopard will not change his spots, demands a strategic peace which is diametrically opposed to internationalism, which again must be the life-principle of any society of nations settlement. The argument that one kind of imperialism is moral, whereas another kind is immoral, is of course not logic, and in this way we do not advance; thus when the soldier claims freedom for the Arabs, he omits mention of the French and Italian wars against Arabs; he is thinking militarily. And that is to get deeper into the cauldron of complexities. If the issue is nationality—and partly unquestionably it is—then nationality is a direct challenge to imperialism, as again imperialism is the antipode of internationalism. We cannot have it all ways. Now either we win to a new moral and social order which must in its associate sanction and cultural right of development be in the spirit and law of the age international, or we revert to the old power grouping of the nations: which morally, and so politically, would mean little more than the sword victory of the historians. It is hard to believe that this will be all.

Such, however, is the moral position. The creed of nationality is the desintegrant of imperialism (thus the Polish question is national, the Czecho-Slovak imperial; Africa is an imperial problem, Belgium a purely national one, while Alsace-Lorraine is both), and transcending imperialism there is the new reason—internationalism based racially and morally on the foundations of nationality. The solvent may be the solution. If Europe is to be re-stated and re-grounded on the ethics of nationality, it will be a map of many colours and of as many restless ambitions and discordancies, which cannot possibly conduce to a permanent peace. Or shall we choose imperialism with an embargo upon German imperialism?

The truth is that the war has long ago passed out of the patriotic state, and, now that America is the determinant, it has passed out of the national state. In all moral essentials the issue has become cosmic. Mere phrases such as "restitution," which is impossible, and "reparation," which is a verbal absurdity, are flags. We are fighting now for a new world statement and reason of state in which imperialism is the idea at stake. The whole case of Europe as the result of centuries

of princely and religious warfare; capital and labour, democracy and plutocracy, finance, kings, Christianity—these are some of the problems. A cataleptic Europe is destroying itself for want of a principle. All this turmoil and organic disturbance cannot be settled at any peace table; by force or martial decrees; by any one man or by any types of men that hitherto we have known as politicians. All the wrongs committed in the names of medieval princes, God, and thrones are striving for recognition and rectification. It is the grand fight of kings and estates, of privilege and the people, of nationality *versus* imperialism, of capitalism, of the right of self-determination, of the new conscious democratic morality.

In this welter and growing confusion of ideas, ideals, and war-aims the cynic alone would seem to have right of justification, and now that Russia is passing into the third stage of revolutionary chaos in which we are joining as belligerents, morality may justly claim to be Falstaffian. At the present hour Russia has again become the pivot of the world and of its sincerity. Her inherent fatalism is driving us all into fatalism; secret diplomacy is more secured in its power than ever; Parliaments are senile or have abdicated; only propaganda talks through a controlled Press; extremism has led to extremism. The world's condition is war.

The only definite thing that can be said is that America will persist now to the end, and that at some period or other America will achieve that end. If our cosmic aim is really correction or morality, there can be no doubt that we could accelerate that end by a joint declaration of the principles which are to govern the new code of national and international law, whether imperialist, territorial, economic, or national in a world's charter of liberties. Thus about Africa, China, and the rights of imperialism in those continents; about the Austrian mosaic of peoples; about Poland and Turkey, etc. Who in the end is to possess Constantinople? Who—Persia? Who—Mesopotamia? Who—Gibraltar? On what principle is nationality to be determined? At what date is historical readjustment to begin? What are to be the status and rights of nationalities within Empires? Is imperialism to be an admissible morality? These are the questions the solution of which must determine the creation of any society of nations, any new code of international ethics, which alone can deflect the possessive impulse of states, both offensively and defensively, into the reason of a loftier philosophy.

The League of Nations idea stands or falls on the issue

of morality, and perhaps it is but a dream. At least this can be said. Its real problem is imperialism, and if with rivers of blood we cannot arrive at a solution of that modern military-economic problem, not much in sum will have been settled, in the abstract or in the concrete. As yet little progress in definition can be registered. Politicians still talk in verbose ambiguities controlled by the vicissitudes and hæmorrhage of the hour, while the problems grow ever more complex and conflicting, and now the side-issues threaten to be determinative, as we see in the case of Russia. Movement—perhaps that is all. War destined to prove the futility of war as the only way to bring into life a new attitude of the peoples towards one another. To those who think so, I would submit this question: What might not have happened if at the end of the Boer War we had tied them down on the basis of "security"? That reason in all probability *saved the British Empire in* 1915.

What will the modern world in arms do with its victory? The answer probably lies in the new controlling force. It is this. Europe is to-day in the hands of America, the test of which lies in the indisputable fact that were American aid to be withdrawn the Germans would doubtless be able to impose a militarist peace; at the peace table, therefore, it will be America who will hold the scales of judgment. Europe's failure in war and in statesmanship has made America the "centre-board" of world democracy, and in the process part—it is too early yet to foresee how great a part—of our historical continuity will have passed into her orbit. That is for Englishmen the outstanding result of the war, and its effects are likely to be permanent, and, imperially, epochal. If it be true that the Nation-State can no longer stand in isolation, the advent of internationalism is indicated; and such may yet prove to be the meaning of the great war.

We do not know. In the absence, then, of any settled world attitude and of any serious attempt to obtain such, the war will probably continue to its long and bitter end, after which a bankrupt, eviscerated, and revolutionary old Europe may find itself disposed of, victors and vanquished alike, on League of Nations lines by the stern and impersonal justice of America, acting with the gesture of a Solomon as she may deem it right and, for the realisation of the new morality, necessary.

Books

FICTION

TARR. By WYNDHAM LOUIS. (The Egoist, Ltd.)

ONE turns to a novel by so subtle a Cubist as Mr. Wyndham Louis with considerable interest, for he has a reputation, too, as writer, also the curiosity is legitimate as to whether war had affected him and in what way. It is rather a baffling book, which will baffle many a reader. Clever, distinguished even, extremely personal, the book is really a criticism, at times almost poignant, in what seems to be a cry of distress or cynicism, yet withal a mystery which Tarr himself does little to unravel. Some people will think it an indecorous book, for the central figure is a lonely German; also the heroine is a German, and there are even German expressions. But this leads to the question whether Mr. Louis has not written an allegory of the war, whether in this curious amalgam of chatty, agonising matter we are not bidden to see symbols rather than personalities; yet, on the whole, this may be doubted. The style is a bit strange, noteworthy is the absence of beauty in the writing, and at the end we have a chapter on " grins " which hardly seems to belong to the book. In fact, Mr. Wyndham Louis has mystified us. Once we had put it down as a bad job, but a sentence or two lingered, and then we began again. We advise that course to others who at first may take fright. It is worth reading. As a novel it has an outlook. With all its cussedness and rugosities of manner, Tarr amuses and fascinates. The study of a German succumbing in the *Quartier Latin* may be symbolic of the German dying against a united world for medievalism.

PENNY SCOT'S TREASURE. By FREDERICK NIVEN. Collins. 6*s*. net.

An interestingly written tale of the "adventure" type by one who has already a long list of Bush stories to his credit. The treasure hunt follows fairly accepted lines; after all, skeletons and golden hoards have been discovered before (and, it is to be hoped, will continue to be found by the deserving heroes of fiction), though I own to a preference for my gold minted rather than, as here, in the raw. There are some admirable pictures of Wild Western life and scenery.

IN RUSSIA'S NIGHT. By OLIVE GARNETT. Collins. 6*s*. net.

There is a profound and tragic interest in reading to-day many of the scenes of this book, which is less a novel than a study in story form of the conditions and ideals of Russian society some few years ago. The central character is an English girl, who marries a young Russian artist, and becomes involved through him in a maze of emotional experiences, culminating in the tragedy (so grimly topical now in its significance) of the Father Gapon massacre. The scenes of artistic and revolutionary philosophic life, both in Petersburg and Florence, are excellently drawn; and certain of the characters, Dmitri, the husband, especially, and his adoring mother, are sketched with admirable sureness.

POETRY

THYREA. By JOHN FERGUSON. Melrose. 1s. net.

TWO FISHERS. By HERBERT E. PALMER. Elkin Mathews. 1s. 3d. net.

GUNS AND GUITARS. By W. R. TITTERTON. Palmer and Hayward. 2s. 6d. net.

Like the birds upon the Western front, our singers still raise their rather tenuous voices in emulation of the roar of battle But, being human, the battle preoccupies them more than (one gathers) it affects the birds. Of the three poets in my collection only Mr. Ferguson has no reference to the war, and this for the simple reason that "Thyrea" is a new edition of a small book of sonnets that originally appeared in the long-vanished past of five years ago. These (you may remember) have the sub-title "A Sonnet Sequence from a Sanatorium." Mr. W. L. Courtney, who contributes a preface in appreciation, rightly compares them to Henley's Hospital Poems. They are grim, with a biting humour that lingers in memory: technically interesting from Mr. Ferguson's extension of the usual sonnet-scope. Certainly well worth the shilling that is their price.

Mounting the financial scale, we attain (at one and threepence) to Mr. Palmer and his "Two Fishers." This is a narrative poem of some length, faintly obscure in theme, since it appears to be addressed to an English soldier by a compatriot of whose "mad, merry comrades" some "marched away with Hindenburg, and some with General Kluck." The circumstance is regrettable, and the verse (as you observe) not always above a facile mediocrity.

Mr. Titterton is, as always, stimulating. His muse, ever a hot-blooded and quickly-angered lady, is far more in tune with these tumultuous times than that of Mr. Palmer. Occasionally, in his contempt for affectation, he stumbles into banality, but at its best here is a real song that can stir the blood. Read his poem "To Pte. Cecil Chesterton," and listen to a man in exultant earnest:—

> Old foe, old friend,
> I envied you your luck.
> To be so sure the world was yours to spend,
> That but for Dr. Jim and British pluck
> God's scheme of justice would have come unstuck.
> Well, think so till the end!
> That's a played game.
> But now, join hands, old foe!
> Here is no room for doubt, no thought of blame;
> Shoulder to shoulder, in our hearts one flame,
> Out to the war we go!

Decidedly, Mr. Titterton, either with Gun or Guitar, can get home!

ARTHUR ECKERSLEY.

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